

The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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PRICE



HOSPITALS THE CONCERN OF ALL

THE report by an American expert that facilities at some of Australia's largest teaching hospitals are "obsolete" and "sub-standard" is a bitter pill to swallow.

The expert, Professor J. Stull, is Director of Hospitals and Infirmaries and Professor of Hospital Administration at the University of California.

Hospitals, though they deal in human life, are still a business organisation.

The steep rise in costs combined with increased population has thrown the finances of the hospitals out of gear.

Tribute must be paid to those who have tried to keep the standards of hospital services and student training high.

But hospital staffs cannot bear the burden alone.

The enormous problems of the proper upkeep of Australian hospitals concern every man and woman.

Although the first responsibility for hospital finance rests with the Commonwealth and State Governments, this is one public field where the efforts of the average man and woman can count for a good deal.

They should feel that the hospitals exist for them and belong to them.

They should consider their local hospital as part of their civic duty.

Voluntary organisations continue to do splendid work in raising money.

Although patients need modern equipment and efficient nursing, they also need the cheerful ward-visitor and the work of the women who run the annual fete to provide a few extras.

Our cover:

● Cadet photographer Frank Gardner, aged 19, is the youthful camera artist responsible for our cover this week. He waited for two days at Taronga Park Zoo, Sydney, to get the swans into position in the right light for the picture—his first cover.

This week:

● On page seven this week you meet a pioneering family which gathered at Glenbrook, N.S.W., on the lower slopes of the Blue Mountains, to meet three of the youngest members, who were christened together in the little wooden St. Peter's Church of England.

Most of the big clan were present, including a great-great-grandmother who has seen public transport in Australia progress from the dashing coaches of Messrs. Cobb and Co. to the skyliners of to-day.

Next week:

● It won't be long before the children are writing to Santa Claus to tell him what they want for Christmas.

A special toy-making section in our next issue will help parents fill stockings and pillowslips without making big dents in the family budget.

Many of the toys were designed and made by a grandfather who has been making toys at home all his life, first for his children, then for the kiddies of the district and the "Smith Family," and now for his grandchildren. You can be sure they are practical and will appeal to youngsters.

● Color pictures show Cairns agricultural show, the grounds flooded with North Queensland winter sunshine and the surrounding hills often misted with clouds. Women are wearing summer frocks and the men tropical rig. Cairns is proud of the fact that record-breaking horse high-jumps are frequently made at the Show, where a world record was attained in 1946 when Gold Meade cleared eight feet six inches.

Fadeout in fog for famous sleuth of fiction

Book review
by AINSIE BAKER

ONE cannot read Margery Allingham's new mystery thriller, "The Tiger in the Smoke," without the uncomfortable feeling that the days of Mr. Albert Campion's literary life as an unofficial investigator are drawing to a close.

All the members of the old band so familiar to Allingham fans make brief appearances in this fine piece of writing in the macabre genre.

There is the former gaolbird, Lugg, Albert's unconventional gentleman; Stanislaus Oates (now Assistant Commissioner and Chief of Scotland Yard); and Chief Superintendent Yeo.

But one gets the distinct feeling that there is no more than a formal visit for appearances' sake only.

Miss Allingham cannot conceal the fact that her new love is Divisional Detective Chief Inspector Charles (Charley) Luke, who "in his spiv civilian clothes looked at best like a heavyweight champion in training."

The author's obvious pleasure in his company seems a clear indication that her readers are to go through many more cases in the magnetic and invigorating company of Charley Luke.

A London pea-souper fog (always a favorite device of thriller-writers) has seldom been used with more spine - chilling effect than in "The Tiger in the Smoke."

During the days it holds London in its grip four murders are com-

mitted and a reign of terror is let loose that neither Campion and Luke nor all the resources of Scotland Yard can halt.

Long after you have finished the book you will remember with a shiver the grotesque band of ex-servicemen street musicians whose discordant music uncannily follows the movements of Campion and Luke through the fog.

The sequences in their hide-out, a secret cellar underneath one of London's great markets, have a quite horrible fascination.

Miss Allingham again shows her ability to handle superbly human relationships. The strange one of mutual respect between the saintly Canon Avril and brash Charley Luke is developed with the most charming delicacy.

The Canon, so unworlly that he "should not be let out alone," is undoubtedly the star of the book. It is he who in his deserted, silent church is first to come face to face with the killer.

Luke explained afterwards that he had taken few precautions to guard him because it was apparent that the Canon was looked after by Someone else.

"The Tiger in the Smoke" is creepy, ingenious, and, as the dust jacket says, "for the connoisseur of detective fiction."

But then Miss Allingham is essentially a first-rate novelist whom it would be foolish to under-estimate simply because she happens to write in the mystery-story medium.

Our copy from Angus and Robertson's, Sydney.

Quote:

When the great markets by the sea shut fast
All that calm Sunday that goes on
and on;
And even lovers find their peace at last.
And Earth is but a star, that once
had shone.
— James Elroy Flecker.



Graeme Bell

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Path scythed for homestead's bride



MR. AND MRS. DAVID PLAYFAIR leave the tiny church on "Belltrees" Station, Scone. The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jim White, of "Belltrees," and the groom is the youngest son of Brigadier and Mrs. T. A. J. Playfair, of Woollahra, Sydney.



UNUSUAL FEATURE of a beautiful wedding was the walk back from the church along a path scythed through a cultivation patch, while the chimes of the church bell and one from the station homestead rang out through the late-afternoon sunshine.

● Blue skies smiled on a radiant bride when Morna White, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jim White, of historic "Belltrees," Hunter River, N.S.W., married handsome David Playfair, of Sydney, in the station's own church. Full story and more pictures overleaf.



INTERIOR of St. James' Church, on "Belltrees," where the ceremony was held. The bride's sisters, Bettine and Primrose, decorated the church with white flowers cut from the homestead garden and others sent by friends in the district.



RECEPTION. Best man Edmund Playfair, bridesmaids Bettine and Primrose White, and groomsmen Peter Playfair drink champagne together at the reception in the orchid silk-lined marquee.



MOTHER of the bride, Mrs. Jim White, takes a cup of tea with her new son-in-law after receiving the 250 guests in the gracious drawing-room of the house.



FLOWERGIRL Jane Coombe and Peter Copp, cousins of the bride, watch the musicians who played during the reception and later for dancing. Peter's sister, Prudence, was the other flowergirl.

STATION SETTING FOR WEDDING



OVERALL VIEW (above) of "Belltrees" Station, near Scone, N.S.W., which has been in the White family for a century. It is a self-contained community, with its own school, church, post office, and petrol pump. At left is the homestead built in 1907 from bricks made on the property.



Bride's family renowned for maintaining best of pastoral tradition

"It's nice to see the billiard table covered with wedding presents again," remarked one of the guests at the wedding of "Belltrees'" lovely eldest daughter, Morna White.

It was the first big wedding at "Belltrees" Station, N.S.W., since Dorothy White, sister of the bride's father, married Mr. W. P. Minell in 1915.

THE five hotels of the nearest town, Scone, 25 miles distant, had been booked out for the wedding guests. A blanket booking of the Scone taxis for the day of the wedding had been made weeks before.

Fourteen miles of the road leading to the property had

been graded for the occasion, and a mechanic engaged to stand by in case any of the guests' cars broke down or would not start.

While the intense wedding preparations were going on, "Belltrees" still had the resources for a family dinner party the night before the wedding and a wedding-day luncheon party, at which the

officiating clergyman, the Bishop of Newcastle, the Right Reverend De Witt Barry, was present.

The name White, of "Belltrees," ranks as high as any in Australian pastoral history. Few station properties are as celebrated.

There have been Whites at "Belltrees" for a century; White money, White lives, and what has been called the White genius for station management have been dedicated to its development and maintenance.

Shining today like a gem in the rich Hunter River Valley, "Belltrees," when it first came into White ownership, was regarded as the hill-billy relation of the established family holdings.

"It was the sort of place people would come to for a kangaroo shoot," Mr. Jim White said.

The property consists of small, very rich river flats, backed up by abruptly rising ridges which lead to the spurs of the Liverpool Range.

Standing at the house, White land stretches as far as the eye can see. "Belltrees," tucked

away in its secluded valley, is a self-contained community.

It can put its own cricket team in the field, and the centre of its communal life is the amusement hall.

The young Whites now have dances in an iron-bark slab barn built 102 years ago. Old carriage lamps and sheepbells, saved from other days, decorate the walls.

The old forge is now an efficient engineering shop.

The name "Belltrees" derives from the holder of the grant made in 1831 to Henry Collins Sempill, of Scotland. He was one of the Belltrees branch of the Sempill family.

When Henry Sempill returned home to Scotland in 1842, the station was taken over by W. C. Wentworth, who leased it to the White family in 1848 and sold it to them three years later.

The great White pastoral tradition in Australia began in 1825 with the arrival from England of James White. He came out in charge of a consignment of merino sheep for the Australian Agricultural Company.

After leaving the Company, James White was given a grant of 1210 acres in the Hunter Valley. This became known as the Gundy Estate and is still in family hands.



AFTER THE WEDDING RECEPTION at "Belltrees" homestead, Mr. and Mrs. David Playfair pause on the staircase for the bride, formerly Morna White, to throw her bouquet to the bridesmaids.

partnership with his four children, took over management.

To-day the famous wool brand of WWW over Belltrees has been eclipsed in importance by the cattle brand of its fine Aberdeen Angus.

Before the First World War "Belltrees" was said to consist of 160,000 acres. Sales of outlying land have reduced it to an estimated 100,000 acres.

The present homestead was built in 1907. Its imposing mahogany staircase, ample domestic quarters, and high-ceilinged reception-rooms all speak of the peace and prosperity of the Edwardian era.

The Whites are not the only ones tied to "Belltrees," rich soil. There are third and fourth generation employees.

Mrs. Fred Jarvis, whose husband works on the property as a fencer and a builder, came there as a child 50 years ago. Her father was one of the station bullock-drivers.

"I've been away for a while from time to time," Mrs. Jarvis said, "but I always come back. 'Belltrees' is my home."



ACROSS THE LAWNS and shaded by a century-old wistaria vine is (left) the cottage where Mr. A. H. (Jim) White was born. At centre right is the old bakehouse.



CHAPLIN FAMILY on board the Queen Elizabeth on arrival at Southampton. With Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin are their children, Geraldine, Josephine, Victoria, and Michael.

NIGHT CLUB. Charlie (right) and Mrs. Chaplin make a rare visit to a night club. Mrs. Chaplin was formerly Oona O'Neill, daughter of playwright Eugene O'Neill.



Chaplin plays hide-and-seek in London

Big crowds welcome comedian shouting "Good old Charlie"

For years Charles Chaplin, famous film actor, has dreamed of taking his youngsters for a walk in St. James' Park, London, and showing them the ducks, or standing with them outside Buckingham Palace to watch the Changing of the Guard.

But when he brought them to London he realised when they were mobbed everywhere by friendly crowds, that they must do their sightseeing separately if they were to enjoy their visit.

UNTIL he arrives back at the Savoy Hotel, where the family made its headquarters on arrival, he hardly knows what his family has been doing for the day.

When I saw them Charlie had just come back to the suite. Waiting for him was his wife, Oona, wondering what she would wear to Douglas Fairbanks' dinner-party.

As well there were the four children, a governess, a nanny, and a newly delivered pram.

While changing for the dinner-party, Charlie learnt how his two eldest children had been to London Zoo with their newly acquired pretty young English governess, and how the Scottish nanny of the two younger ones had tried out the new pram, which had come from Harrods.

He laughed when he heard from his two eldest, Geraldine, eight, and Michael, six, and a half, that they were disappointed at not having a ride on an elephant or even a camel as neither was on duty that day.

He was still more amused when he heard how the pair, devouring cream cakes in the foyer of the silver grill, had heard the cheers and acclaim intended for their famous parent and had acknowledged the greeting like two young film stars.

For this they were smacked

down smartly by their governess.

When they saw Charlie they announced with a chuckle worthy of their father, "It's Daddy's turn now..." possibly referring to the smacking down.

Charlie has shown himself as young, as unpredictable and as impish as ever, although it is 21 years since he has been in London.

To those who were with him on the last occasion he seems even younger.

He started off on his secret visits to his boyhood home in the humble South side of the Thames River much sooner than he did last time, and he eluded pursuit with even greater success and more pleasure.

On the afternoon of the Fairbanks' dinner-party, Charlie had been to a business conference.

He had decided to walk back to the Savoy Hotel, and on the way, completely unnoticed, saw a public house

opposite the London Hippodrome which is kept by another famous comedian, Jimmy Russell, with whom he appeared in the music-hall sketch which led him on the path to Hollywood.

He walked into the pub, realised the barmaid had recognised him although his brown hat was well pulled down on his forehead, winked at her to enjoin secrecy, had his drink unnoticed, and walked out again on to the pavements of that world of "City Lights" which he has represented with such poignancy.

While he was having his pint in the pub, his wife was still anxiously pacing the floor of their Savoy suite waiting to dress for the party, one of the smartest given in their honor.

Mrs. Chaplin knew it was to be a great occasion and she wanted to be sure she was wearing the most suitable frock. Knowing that Charlie has perfect judgment, she was anxious for his advice on the final decision.

While she was impatiently tapping her foot he came running through the softly carpeted corridors of the Savoy Hotel looking as guilty as a schoolboy.

But he was full of the highest spirits, because in addition to his adventure at the pub he had had as much fun out of the crowd at the door as the children had.

He and his personal friend and secretary, Harry Crocker, had walked through the streams of traffic over the white-painted strips of the new zebra crossings which give the right of way to foot passengers.

Dense crowds of fans were waiting for them, but naturally they expected him to arrive by high-powered car.

As he reached the pavement

a woman tapped him on the shoulder and said, "When do you think Charlie Chaplin is likely to show up?" To her astonishment, he said, "I'm Charlie."

She gasped, and everyone realised that the little brown-faced man with the hat over his eyes was the figure for whom they had been waiting.

They rushed round him, and Chaplin, who, though avoiding publicity, will always give himself up to the crowd if they find him, stopped, took off his hat, waved, laughed, and shook hands, then half-ran, half-skipped through the swing doors and along the corridors to his impatient wife.

What has been most surprising is the way in which after such a long absence Chaplin has stepped right into the heart of Cockney London.

Londoners, shy of showing their feelings, have made it evident that they regard him as one of them. Everywhere the cry is, "Good old Charlie!"

At the Old Vic.

WHEN he made his first real public appearance—to see his leading lady, Claire Bloom, as Juliet at the Old Vic Theatre in the Waterloo Road not far from his birthplace in Kennington—Charlie Chaplin seemed pleased by the fact that he had already visited the area without being recognised.

Helping to keep back the crowd who were trying to mob Chaplin was Commissioner Harry Henderson, a Kennington man. As Chaplin passed into the theatre, he forgot his position, his uniform, the crowd, and, grasping Chaplin by the hand, he said, "Good evening, Charlie."

"Good evening," Charlie beamed in reply; a simple, honest welcome from one Kennington man to another.

With his wife and two friends he sat in the stalls to see "Romeo and Juliet," with Claire Bloom as an enchanting Juliet. In the interval the Chaplins had coffee in their seats like other theatregoers in

the informal atmosphere of the Old Vic.

When the performance ended he was invited on stage to meet the cast.

He was so moved by the performance he could hardly speak. He admitted to Peter Finch, who plays Mercutio, "Oona and I were moved to tears."

As he left the theatre I asked him what he thought of Claire Bloom's performance.

"The whole cast was wonderful," he said. "I was enchanted. If you ask me about Claire especially, I feel I must say she was perfection."

Peter Finch told me that Charlie's presence in the house made a profound impression.

"The cast was unusually sensitive to his presence," Peter said. "Though we are used to famous people here, with Chaplin it was quite different. It was the real Old Vic atmosphere he inspired. The gallery was at its best."

Charlie later told me, "The last time I was at the Old Vic was 50 years ago, when I was a boy in the gallery."

There is no nonsense in the Chaplin household. The four children are kept out of the limelight as much as possible while still sharing all the fun and adventure of visiting a new country with their parents.

Of the two younger children, Victoria is the one who loves a cuddle from her father. "She's just at that age," Mrs. Chaplin said to me when I talked to her about the children.

Josephine, aged three and a half, is the one that is a tinker.

Of the four children she is the one most like Charlie Chaplin in looks. She has two long pigtails, and was then in her frilled panties, looking very cute.

The last I saw of the Chaplin children was when they raced out of their bathroom and down the corridor to see the pearly king and queen in their costumes. The pearls had called at the Savoy to see Charlie.



CHARLIE CHAPLIN as London remembers him. Crowds awaiting him since his arrival there for the world premiere of his new film "Limelight" often failed to recognise him.

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CUTTING THE CHRISTENING CAKE is Mrs. Brian Heathcote, of Grenfell, with her son, Paul Gregory. Her niece, Mrs. Bernie Lane, of Glenbrook (centre), holds Larry beside Mrs. Jack Jones and her son Kerry. Mrs. Jones is also an aunt of Mrs. Lane.



PROUD FATHERS are Mr. Jack Jones (left) with Kerry, Mr. Brian Heathcote with Paul, and Mr. Bernie Lane with Larry.

Triple christening

Guests attend rite at small village church

By BETTY BEST, staff reporter

Glenbrook, a little town in the foothills of the Blue Mountains, N.S.W., was the scene of a big family reunion recently when two of its youngest citizens had a triple christening with their cousin, who came from Grenfell, 200 miles away.

MORE than 70 friends and relatives from all over New South Wales packed into the tiny tin-roofed St. Peter's Church of England to see the three little boys through their first public ceremony.

Most of the visitors had brought beds and bedding with them so that they could camp overnight in the two family homes in Glenbrook.

The three star attractions of the gathering seemed to recognise their responsibility

as hosts. They went through the whole performance without a tear.

The eldest, Kerry John Jones, five-and-a-half months, of Glenbrook, made a point of smiling at everything from camera flashes to godmothers.

Paul Gregory Heathcote, a seasoned young traveller at two-and-a-half months, motored the 200 miles with his parents from Grenfell the previous day. He was quite unperturbed by the excitement, but took the opportunity for a nap whenever he could.

Larry Bernard Lane,

the youngest at two months, showed a proud face over his beautifully embroidered robe, which had been worn by his mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother at their own christenings.

"His father and I were married in this church," said Mrs. Lane.

By the time the family had congregated at Mrs. Stan Faul's home a mile from the church there were five generations represented and 89-year-old Mrs. Catherine Muncks held the floor.

"It's the first big family christening I've attended since my own eight were christened," said Mrs. Muncks.

"But don't think that travelling means anything to me. It's easy with motor cars."

"When I was a girl in 1880 I travelled 260 miles from Araluen to Hill End via Bathurst by horse team and on to Grenfell by Cobb and Co. coach—that was really travelling."

After the ceremony all the guests gathered round long, white-covered tables on Mrs. Faul's verandah and settled



FIVE GENERATIONS. Mrs. Bernie Lane, son Larry, Mrs. Muncks, Mrs. Stan Faul, and Mrs. Mena Jones.

down to a tea of cold turkey, duck, and chicken, bowls of salad, and dozens of iced sponge cakes.

"Family reunions are no effort for us, we're so used to them," said Mrs. Faul.

"Last time Grandma Faul had a birthday we had 43 guests in the two houses."

"There's plenty of room so long as they bring their own beds and get their own breakfast."



NEARLY NINETY YEARS separate two-months-old Larry Lane from his great-great-grandmother, Mrs. Catherine Muncks, of Grenfell, but they made friends immediately.



CROWDED CHURCH gathers round the babies at the font. At left: Mrs. Faul holds her godson Kerry and at right Mrs. Edna Clifford holds Paul while Rev. Harold Rawson blesses Larry. Behind Rev. Rawson is great-grandmother Mrs. Sarah Faul.



TALL GUMS make a pretty frame for the little wooden St. Peter's Church, Glenbrook, as the congregation, led by the babies, leaves after the ceremony for the christening party at Mrs. Stan Faul's home at Glenbrook.

Anthony Beauchamp
photographs some

FAMOUS LOOK-ALIKES

● London society photographer Anthony Beauchamp, who is married to Mr. Winston Churchill's actress daughter, Sarah, presents this picture series of famous look-alikes. Beauchamp, whose real name is Entwistle, was a photographer during the war with a British Army film unit. His mother is Vivienne, another well-known West End photographer.

● Beauchamp photographed television star Dagmar (below) as Nell Gwyn (right), the orange-girl who became a favorite of Charles II. "My portrait caught a sly twinkle the contemporary artist never dared paint," said Beauchamp. "To me this is the real Nell Gwyn."



● The resemblance between Sarah Churchill, Beauchamp's wife (above), and the beautiful Egyptian queen Nefertiti (left) first inspired the photographer to do this picture story. He took Sarah, who is a daughter of Britain's Prime Minister, to the Metropolitan Museum, New York. With a sphinx in the background, he photographed her wearing a 3312-year-old Egyptian jewelled gold collar.





● In photographing Ilona Massey, the Hungarian actress (above), as Madame Du Barry (left), the seductive mistress of Louis XV, Beauchamp simply followed the lead of the painting and used his imagination. Posing Ilona among antiques at the Disalvo Galleries, he said: "Du Barry must have looked like this."



● Beauchamp discovered Madame Recamier's double while watching a television play starring actress Mary Sinclair. Using the famous Gerard portrait (above) as a guide, he photographed Miss Sinclair (left) as the woman an amorous Napoleon never forgave for spurning him.

● The portrait (below) shows Queen Elizabeth I in 1561, when she was 28. When Beauchamp saw it he said: "There are Margaret Truman's eyes, mouth, and bone structure." Miss Truman, daughter of the President of the United States, now 28 herself, helped him prove it by posing (above) for this striking portrait.





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MOTHER



"Poison! Keep out of reach of children."

BUTCH



It seems to me

THE Furniture Trades Convention, held recently in Sydney, focused some interest on furniture and carpets and reminded me of a pet notion which I have wanted to air for a long time.

Nobody could call me a fussy housekeeper, yet I have always thought it would be an excellent idea if the rest of the world copied the Japanese in one respect only — and removed shoes on entering the house.

Think of the wear and tear saved on carpets. Think of never having to scrub the kitchen floor.

Men would probably oppose the move to the last ditch because of the trouble of unlacing their shoes. But they could be converted. The idea of stopping about in comfortable house-slippers ought to appeal to them.

It would, I admit, be a bit hard on female party-goers to have to remove the expensive shoes that set off their outfits. But there is no need to follow rigidly the Japanese, who keep a row of visitors' slippers at the door.

You could, for instance, carry your best, high-heeled, clean-soled shoes to the party and wear something more comfortable on the journey. This would be good for the shoe trade and easy on the feet.

And members of the family, when not entertaining, could wear special house-slippers fitted with polishing mops on the soles, thus achieving a dual purpose.

TO get too indignant too often is, I think, a great mistake.

You wear yourself out and achieve little. Nevertheless I must say I feel indignant at the statement made by the Director-General of the International Air Transport Association, Sir William Hildred, who told London reporters that he didn't see why passengers shouldn't strap in planes.

He said: "I've been a train passenger between a suburb and the city for 20 years and I've always been obliged to stand. I don't see why air passengers shouldn't be treated the same way."

This strikes me as equivalent to saying, "I've had a stone in my shoe for 20 years and I don't see why everyone else shouldn't be miserable, too."

Sir William is possibly looking forward to the day when jet travel will reduce flights from hours to minutes. Even so, it will soon be necessary to form a society for the prevention of cruelty to humans.

HARVARD University psychologists have made a survey which shows that faddy eaters are often neurotic.

It used to be "Eat up your crusts and your hair will grow curly," except in wartime when children were told that the little Belgians, Poles, Finns, or whoever was oppressed at the time, would be glad of them.

Moderns may now say, "Eat up your cabbage, darling. You don't want to be neurotic like Mummie, do you?"



Dorothy Drain

AUSTRALIA'S migration scheme is certainly falling to pieces in an ignominious way.

It was disgraceful that 19 British migrants, recruited for New South Wales transport services, had to be told on arrival that there were no jobs for them.

Some of them found other jobs, but that is not the point.

For months there have been indications that the employment market was slackening. To see that has needed neither expert knowledge nor second sight.

Nor is the unprofitable state of N.S.W. transport finances in the nature of a startling revelation. It should have been obvious for some time that it was unwise to guarantee jobs in these services to migrants.

Indeed, unwise is too mild a word.

NEW legislation passed in the Queensland parliament makes it easier for New Australians to own land. Previously aliens could own land in Queensland only if they came from friendly countries.

The Attorney-General, Mr. Power, remarked that it was difficult these days to define a friendly nation.

How right he is! By "friendly," for instance, do we mean nations which were friendly in the last war and not in the one before, or vice versa?

And what of the nations which were enemies in the last war but are lined up as allies for the next?

To say nothing of the natural suspicion with which all allies treat each other.

And the fact that one man's mate is another man's poison.

PARIS designers have been flirting with the line of the 'twenties for a couple of seasons. Paquin, in his collection shown recently, featured tubular coats described as like a tube to just above the knee where they flare to lower calf length.

Sometimes the struggle seems just too grim.

You don't mind dieting, keeping slim.

You can pinch in a waist or pad the hips.

Don starched pettis instead of slips;

You can vary your shape from year to year.

According to what you're supposed to wear.

But it's really a frightful strain on nerves Alternately flattening and showing your curves.

And "tubular," well! When you hear such terms,

Ask: "Are we women or are we worms?"



Make friends with the Sun

This summer, do your tanning the easy way — with NYAL KWIK TAN. Just: KWIK TAN — Cream for Sun Oil — before setting out and you'll have a rich, even tan in a few days. No more painful sunburn! KWIK TAN contains a special cream which keeps out the harmful burning rays of the sun and at the same time protects your skin with a healthy tan.



NYAL KWIK TAN

LITTLE GIRL — BIG TALENT!



Only a little girl, but 6-year-old Susan Cook, of Kensington, Vic., handles this grand accordion with the ease of a veteran.

"Susan can cope with any number of encores," says her mother. "She's always been strong and healthy — and I'm sure her Vegemite has done a lot to keep her that way."

You and your family need Vegemite daily because it's a pure, concentrated yeast extract — not merely a vegetable extract. Yeast is the richest known natural source of the strengthening Vitamin B group — B₁, B₂ and Nicotin. Ask for Vegemite — richest in Vitamin B₁, richest in flavor, lowest in cost. Made by Kraft.



No Nappie Rash

When mother uses Cuticura Ointment after baby's bath and at every nappy change, to keep him cool and comfortable. The mildly medicated, gentle emollient, Cuticura, soothes chafing, sores, inflammation, and deals sweetly with nappy rash. They're the baby's.

Cuticura ANTI-ITCH OINTMENT

Short'n Sweet

A new fashion elegance of unusual
charm... for cool comfort on hot
summer nights... in Nylon, Summer Silk
and Glamour Sheer fabrics.

by
Prestige



Nylon Nightie 915
Sunglow
32", 34"— £8/17/6
36", 38"— £8/19/6



Summer Silk Nightie 238
Sunglow,
Powderblue
32", 34"— 57/6
36", 38"— 59/6

Glamour Sheer Nightie 321
Sunglow, Black
32", 34"— 43/6
36", 38"— 45/6



Summer Silk Pyjama 236
Sunglow, Ivory
32", 34"— 42/6
36", 38"— 44/6



Summer Silk Nightie 237
Sunglow, Ivory
32", 34"— 47/6
36", 38"— 49/6

THESE LATEST OVERSEAS NIGHTWEAR FASHIONS ARE NOW AVAILABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES.

How to make *light* of a Heavy figure...

Warner's Le Gant has
all the right answers!



FREE-LIFT Corsette

FOR BUST SIZES 38-45

Adds up to real comfort as it subtracts those extra inches... Warner's Le Gant fabulous Free-Lift corset! The bra section actually lifts free from the corset section... gives you wonderful all-over control plus undreamed-of freedom of movement. In satin elastic and firm Two Way-One Way elastic, flexibly boned over tummy, with nylon marquisette bust section. 3-Way-Sized to fit full hip, full bust and heavy average figures. Be fitted at your favourite store.

(Nos. AB41, AB50, AB51)



STA-UP-TOP Girdle

FOR WAIST SIZES 28-36

Magical tummy-flattener, magical hip-trimmer... Le Gant girdle cut on Warner's exclusive 4-section pattern that gives you alternate up-and-down and cross-wise control. Features specially imported extra-firm American elastic, flexible boning fore and aft and world famous, waist-hugging 3-inch Sta-Up-Top band at back. At all the nicest stores.

(Nos. A314, A316)

With it, wear this elegant Le Gant long-line bra No. A2286, in pink poplin. B cup—32-38; C cup—34-42; D cup—36-44.

WARNER'S Le Gant
3-Way-Sized Foundations and Bras

YOUTH SUMS UP

Conducted by KAY MELAUN

A feminine eye view

of the masculine fashion scene



A MALE teenager (just 18), of South Australia, wrote this week to ask whether girls care what sort of haircut boys have.

Writing on behalf of himself and his boy-friends, he complained that while "the girls, like all of their sex," never stop inviting masculine opinion about their own poodles and urchins, they never remark on boys' haircuts.

Judging by the six girls I asked, girls care enough to have strong opinions about masculine haircuts. They also have definite ideas about the way boys dress.

Each girl had a lot to say, but she made the point that the boys she goes out with dress well. So apparently, "male teenager (just 18)," you can take it that if a girl goes out with you she thinks you look okay.

The first three girls I talked to, Jeanette Elphick, Michelle Safargy, and Dorothy Dunkerley, are all 17, and are already successful models. All think a man's haircut is important; all dislike both a close crop and long hair.

Jeanette added that when hair is shaved up the back and sides it "makes a man look like a criminal."

"But the way most Australian boys dress is really disgusting. They are so behind the times. Summer and winter they wear dark suits as though they're going to a funeral, which is ridiculous for the climate," said Jeanette.

"They should adopt conservative American-style clothes—but not madly bodgie or anything—and lighter suits in summer. They'd not only look a lot better but they'd be more comfortable."

"I don't like bow-ties at all; and no tie is better than these shocking painted ties."

"Older men look well in hats. I think cravats for sports wear are lovely."

Both Jeanette and Michelle think that men look "absolutely wonderful" in silk dressing-gowns.

Michelle, however, hates cummerbunds ("these sashes they wear round their waists"), and prefers a tuxedo to tails except on inescapably formal occasions.

She added: "Too many men wear very lairy ties and corduroy jackets and light blue suits."

"Of course, every man should have a navy-blue suit, also a very light-colored lightweight suit for summer."

Michelle likes bow-ties only on tall men who can wear them. As for rings: "There are some types of men who can wear rings; and I used to like the pearl tie-pins the men wear in Shanghai. However, if a man wore a pearl tie-pin in Australia he'd be called a lair."

"But cuff-links I like."

While Jeanette and Michelle prefer short nylon socks, Dorothy thinks men should wear longer socks and suspenders to keep them neat and unwrinkled.

"I don't like brown suits," said Dorothy, "and I don't like these tie-pin things they put

across their long ties to keep them in place."

"I like hats on men and colorful scarves and a plain white handkerchief in the breast pocket—but not a handkerchief to match the tie."

Julie Mills, a 16-year-old office junior, complains that most boys commit the fashion sin of wearing suit coats with sports trousers.

"You see dozens of boys with brown slacks and a navy suit coat," she said. "And striped shirts are awful. They remind me of pyjamas."

Julie has an aversion to shoes with soles like truck tyres and to ties with loud designs.

Her idea of a suit is a single-breasted semi-drape. "But not these loose things with big shoulders calculated to keep their feet warm in winter," she added.

Marie Flynn, a 20-year-old clerical worker, indicated two nearby masculine heads to illustrate her idea of a haircut. They were neat and conservatively cropped.

"I hate a bodgie cut or this crew cut that stands up half an inch on their heads," she explained.

She "hates" bodgie clothes, too, but thinks "ordinary" boy dresses well and suitably. Her pet aversion is ties that don't match suits.

"I can't bear to see a man all done up without a shave—which you see quite a lot in the city—and with creases in his pants," she said.

"I like double-breasted suits, but wear coats only on older gentlemen."

Pressed as to who constitutes "elderly," Marie looked apprehensively in the direction of the two heads whose very stillness indicated interest.

"Oh, about over 50," she said, then added more candidly, "well, from about 30 onward a man can wear a waistcoat. But men under 30 look better when they're more casual dressed."

Rosemary Dawson, a 19-year-old secretary, has her shot of the masculine fashion scene well in focus.

She said: "I hate long hair and bow-ties and suede shoes and long fingernails. And I loathe. I don't mean that boys should wear braces, but you shouldn't ever see them."

"And sandals with socks look terrible. As purses, I saw a man once with a purse. It was fabulous. I haven't got over it yet."

"It was in a tram, and he brought this purse out of his pocket and opened it to get some money for his fare."

"I don't like sports coats with belts at the back or with two pockets here," pointing to her hip, "and striped shirts with spotted ties or suits with loud pin-stripes or checks. For the matter, I like only white shirts."

"As for a sports shirt turned down over a sports coat collar—that's the end."

Like Marie, Rosemary doesn't care for waistcoats on young men and prefers double-breasted suits. Also like Marie, she thinks the most men are in real need of help from their wives and girl-friends in choosing their clothes, although "they should have some choice themselves."

THE Rodgers-Hart song "Lover" has been recorded countless times, the latest of which is by top vocalist Peggy Lee on Decca Y6295. She takes it at a breakneck pace, but I rate this as a must-have, particularly since the coupling is "You Go To My Head."

PLUMP Jo Stafford hasn't been in better voice than in her new disc, DO3524. "Allentown Jail" is a lament for her desperate beau behind bars, and the tune is most graceful. Other side, "Raminay," is a lilting song of New Orleans chimney-sweeps.

DISC DIGEST

BURL IVES contributes his version of "Frankie and Johnny," assisted by a couple of characters, including Alma Kaye, a slightly hysterical soprano who shrills Frankie's role in the Beatrice Kay manner. The coupling of the sample disc (Y6398) was Burl doing "Big Rock Candy Mountain," but there's a chance of a swap.

THE Story of a Princess" (EB559), from H.M.V., written and narrated by Sydney woman Jill Meillon,

tells the life-story of Queen Elizabeth and introduces speeches by Her Majesty when Princess Elizabeth. Girl will love its fairy-tale approach; boys, no!

MOZART collectors will want to hear this month's release of his first symphony, No. 41 in C, the justly famed "Jupiter," performed by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, under Sir Thomas Beecham. A good measure the last side of this Columbia set (L8759/6) has the Mozart March in D. —BERNARD FLETCHER



COMING OF AGE. Virginia Reid (left), Warwick Lindsay, Madeline Archbutt, and Dick Harford at Sonia Miller's 21st birthday dance given by her mother, Mrs. G. H. K. Miller, at their home at Bellevue Hill. Miss Miller wore a lovely frock of rose-pink tulle and an armlet of rosebuds.



HAPPY GROUP. Sonia Miller, Jeremy Philipps, Robin McFadyen, and Tony Toohey at Robin Brockhoff's 21st birthday party at Glen Ascham, given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Brockhoff. Sonia celebrated her 21st birthday at a party at her home the previous night.



ENGLISH WEDDING. Willoughby Lake, second son of Sir Ansell and Lady Lake, of Surrey, and his bride, formerly Elizabeth Clarke, daughter of the late Sir Rupert Clarke, of Melbourne, after their wedding at St. Mary's Church, Glynde, Sussex, England.

Social Gittings



UNIVERSITY CLUB. Dr. and Mrs. Dick Opie were among the 480 guests at the University Club's late afternoon party. Mrs. Opie wore a full-skirted black silk organza frock and shell-pink chiffon hat.



AT ST. MARTIN'S. Bridesmaids Margaret Munro (left), Elaine Andersen, and Eleanor Douglas with Dr. Robert Gill, of Killara, and his bride, formerly Margaret Salenger, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Salenger, of Killara. Margaret's frock was of tulle and silver brocade.



COCKTAIL PARTY. Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Fuller (left) and Marilyn McEnchie (right) with guest of honor Diane Greaves at Diane's 21st birthday party, given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Greaves, of Darling Point, at their home.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 8, 1952

PREPARATIONS are in full swing for the four-day Spring Race Meeting at Randwick which begins this Saturday.

Most of the country folk plan to arrive at the last minute before festivities begin, but many "old faithfuls" of race week are already in town. The women are putting in some preliminary training for the hectic week ahead, with a rush of last-minute visits to milliners and dressmakers.

Painstaking work from Randwick's 12 gardeners has made the course a picture of brilliant blooms and smooth green lawns. It will be a pretty setting for the beautiful race-week clothes, which are always a pointer to the season's summer fashions.

FIRST big engagement was the Town and Country Matrons' Ball at Royal Sydney Golf Club, which was a curtain-raiser for Race Week festivities. This Friday night, the Naughty Nineties Night in Montmartre will be held in the A.C.I. Ballroom. It promises to be one of the highlights of the year's social events, with the orchestra concealed behind a Parisian bistro and

showers of perfumed flowers wafting down on guests. Next Monday night, October 6, 300 guests will attend a dinner-dance in the ballroom of the Australia Hotel. Hostesses at the dinner-dance will be Mesdames Noel Vincent, Keith Mackay, Frank Parker, Henry Osborne, Alan Potter, and Sam Hordern. The Black and White Ball will be held on the following night, October 7.

After Derby Day at Randwick on Saturday, October 4, an At Home will be held at Royal Sydney Golf Club and on Wednesday - Ladies' Day - October 8, the Australian Club will entertain at an At Home.



BIRTHDAY. Beverley Coles with her sister, Mrs. Peter Glanville, at the buffet dinner-dance given by Beverley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. K. F. Coles, on her 21st birthday.



AFTER her successes at the Melbourne Show, Diana Maple-Brown, of "Springfield," Goulburn, is home again in a whirl of preparation for her wedding at Goulburn Cathedral on October 14. Her fiancé is John Boyd, of "Murrabong," Young, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. T. Boyd, of Canowindra.

Diana carried off several prizes at the Show with her horses, Mica and Murra. Mica won the champion saddle horse, the ladies' hack, the Colonel Pope Cup, and the 12-stone hack, and Murra won the champion saddle Galloway.

Diana's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Maple-Brown, will receive 300 guests at the reception at "Springfield" after the wedding. A marquee will be erected in the grounds of their lovely home.

FEBRUARY 5 is the date chosen by newly engaged pair Beverley Coombes and Ray Mainsbridge for their wedding. Beverley's ring, a diamond solitaire with diamond shoulders, was admired by guests who attended a party given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Coombes, of Vaucluse, last Sunday night. Among the 75 guests present were Ray's mother, Mrs. M. Mainsbridge, and Beverley's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Foley.

THE Duke of Windsor's luxury yacht was lying at anchor when Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Porter, of "Parklands," Gordon, were at Cannes during their trip abroad. The following day the Duke and Duchess joined the yacht for a cruise. Mr. and Mrs. Porter, who have just returned from overseas, also visited Gracie Fields' villa at Capri.

FAMOUS POLO PLAYER Bob Skene (second from left) is met from America by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Skene, of Dungog, sister, Mrs. Ken Mackay, and niece, Margaret Mackay.

THE chief bridesmaid, Judy Lorking, designed the frock which Desiree Meredith wore for her wedding to Bill McFadden, of Gympie, Queensland, at St. Mark's, Darling Point. It was a ballerina frock of pearl-pink satin, with a three-tiered skirt and a neckline encrusted in pearls and sequins. Desiree is the only daughter of Colonel G. P. Meredith, who is at present in Korea, and Mrs. Meredith, of Bellevue Hill, and Bill is the only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert McFadden. Daryl Murray-Jones and Bill Milne attended him.

PUPILS of Russell Lea Infants' School, Five Dock, will be ready with confetti to shower on one of their teachers, Betty Costin, when they form a guard of honor at her wedding on October 11. Betty will marry Graeme Francis, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Francis, at St. David's, Haberfield. Her sister, Frances, and Marcia Bedford will be bridesmaids.

BRIEFLY . . . Betty Ginman, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Ginman, of Rockdale, is engaged to Bill Coulston, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Coulston, of Bexley . . . Joycelyn Holliman, of Bondi, and Ken Wilson, of Rose Bay, have announced their engagement. Joycelyn is a sister at St. Vincent's Hospital and Ken is in his fifth year of medicine at Sydney University.

Anne

Coty Make-up Harmony is the secret of her loveliness

Colour problems are solved for her—and you—by Coty experts

There's no mystery about the art of make-up. There are simple, basic rules which you must observe, though. First, learn what colour harmony suits you best. Second, learn a simple routine of application. Third—and most important, too—*never rush your make-up*. The few minutes saved in slap-dash make-up are never worth it. Take your time; then you'll face the world poised, serene, lovely.

How to decide on your colour harmony. If you look at the chart below you'll see that it's all very straight-forward. These combinations have been very carefully worked out by Coty make-up experts—and you'll be delighted with the result if you choose your special harmony and follow it carefully. And do realise how very, very important it is to work to a plan. It makes all the difference in the world.

An easy make-up routine



Your foundation—the key to successful make-up. Apply sparingly, leaving the merest film on the skin to take and hold your make-up flatteringly. Coty Sub-Tint, a tinted cream base (no water necessary), gives that charming look of smoothness and glorious colour, but without a mask-like feeling. Sub-Tint protects against excess sun-burn, is water-proof, suitable for all types of skins. (Five shades, from the lightest to the deepest sun-tan.) If you prefer a non-tinted, liquid foundation—Coty Foundation Lotion, for dry and very sensitive skins, or Coty Foundation Cream, for oily or dry skins.



Your Rouge. Remember: Cream Rouge before powder, Dry Rouge after powder. Place three dots of rouge in a small triangle on that part of your cheek highest when you smile. Blend lightly, avoiding a hard edge. For a round face, work the rouge slightly outwards. If your face is long, apply rouge in the centre of the cheek. If your cheeks are hollow, blend rouge down from the cheek bone, round the hollow.



Your Face Powder. Coty "AirSpun," because of the exclusive "AirSpun" process, is incredibly soft and fine—and how it clings! It stays on longer, never "cakes" and is almost cream-like in its softness. Eight shades to blend with and flatter every type of skin, including Pacific Tan, Coty's new, fascinating colour for the sun-kissed outdoor effect. Each shade is also in a choice of five famous perfumes.

Your Lipstick. Your one vivid accent—so be careful. Redress an over-full lip, enlarge a thin lip; but be discreet. The trend overseas just now is towards a very curved bow, with the line brushed up past the natural corner of the mouth. Experiment. You may like it. Coty Lipsticks, easy-spreading and smooth, in nine shades, choice of two textures.

Your Eyeshadow. Use it to add depth and sparkle to the eyes, sparingly during the day, more generously at night. For the correct shade, match the colour of your eyes with the eyeshadow colour.

★ Coty suggests these make-up shades to match costume colours:

Costume Colours	Sub-Tint FOUNDATION	"AirSpun" FACE POWDER	"AirSpun" or Cream ROUGE	"Creamy" or Valiant (firmer consistency) LIPSTICK
Black All Blues Pinks	VIBRANT <i>a warm foundation base and face powder with soft cyclamine lipstick.</i>	VIBRANT	ROSE MODE	LONDON LILAC
All Greens	MEDIUM <i>a golden tone foundation and face powder and a bright red lipstick.</i>	GITANE	VIF	VIF
Browns Yellows Gold	AZALEE <i>a darker, warm foundation and powder for the summer with a true red lipstick.</i>	PACIFIC TAN	RED RIBBON	RED RIBBON
Reds Greys	AZALEE <i>medium pinky foundation and face powder and a medium red lipstick.</i>	CONTINENTALE	GITANE	GITANE
EYE SHADOW.	Hazel eyes: Blue, Green or Violet to match costume colour. Blue eyes: Blue, Silver Blue or Violet. Green or brown eyes: Green or Silver Green.			



Foundation: Sub-Tint, Vibrant
"AirSpun" Face Powder: Vibrant
Rouge: Rose Mode
Lipstick: London Lilac
Eyeshadow: Violet

Hat by Marqot McGee
Suit by Frank Mitchell

"VALIANT" LIPSTICK (firmer texture) 7/11

"CREAMY" LIPSTICK 13/6

SUB-TINT FOUNDATION 5/2

EYE SHADOW 5/11

"AIRSPUN" ROUGE 5/11

"AIRSPUN" FACE POWDER 7/11

CREAM ROUGE 5/11



Coty

LONDON PARIS NEW YORK SYDNEY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 8, 1939

Worth Reporting

DISCUSSIONS by delegates at the recent Australian Furniture Trades Convention in Sydney underlined the war that furniture manufacturers are waging against general public apathy.

"Australians aren't furniture-conscious," we were told by Mr. Aubrey Curran, past president of the Western Australian Furniture Trades Association. "We want to knock out their indifference."

As an example of this indifference, he said that at the present time Australians spent only 9½ in the £ on furniture compared with 2/8 in the £ spent by English people and 4/2 by Americans.

The effect of this was shown by a recent nationwide survey revealing that only 33,000 people were employed in the furnishing industry.

Of the 1300 furniture manufacturing firms in the Commonwealth, most have fewer than 20 employees, and only 112 have more than 100 employees.

Manufacturers say, however, that at least buyers' taste is developing. People have at last woken up to the fact that it is not absolutely necessary to have the traditional three-piece lounge suite, and are taking more interest in modern unit furniture.

Many delegates expressed the view that New Australians were having a marked effect in stimulating the demand for high-quality furniture.

Mr. Maurice Nathan, of Melbourne, chairman of the Federal Furnishers' Council, took a long-term view of the matter.

"It's a national effort to convince people that the more money they spend in the home the better," he said. "A contented home—one adequately furnished—is for the good of the nation."

To back this up, he quoted a remark by King George V.: "The strength of the nation is in the homes of the people."

AT a recent men's-wear convention, short pyjamas called "summer nighters" were shown.

One model was patterned with pink elephants, and another combined kilt prints and the words "Baby, it's cold outside."



"Wow!"

Constant reader for 19 years

WHEN the first issue of The Australian Women's Weekly appeared in June, 1933, Mrs. E. West, now of Newtown, Sydney, bought a copy and she has never missed one issue since.

Not only is she the most constant of readers, but up to four years ago she had kept every single copy she bought.

The accumulated magazines, tied up in yearly bundles, were piled high from floor to ceiling in one room of the Balmmain house where she then lived.

"I had to move to a smaller house then," Mrs. West told us. "I gave the magazines away to charities and salvage collectors, but I still have my copies of last year's and this year's issues."

Mrs. West said that she had been ill for a long time and was never short of reading matter while she had her magazine "library."

Fashions of the '30's, particularly, gave her a really good laugh as she re-read all the back numbers.

THAT crack salesman who boasted he could even sell a refrigerator to an Eskimo might have found it quite an easy job after all.

A schoolteacher who runs a day school for Canadian Eskimo children at Tuktoyaktuk, 200 miles north of the Arctic Circle, recently visited relatives in London and said she wanted to take a refrigerator back with her.

Although the outside temperature gets down to 50deg. below zero at Tuktoyaktuk, her house is hot inside, she explained.

LONDON TALK By Michael Plant

I CALLED in to see Cyril Ritchard at the New Theatre where he is playing with Katharine Hepburn in "The Millionairess" and was dismayed to find him lying on the sofa in his dressing-room with his head bandaged and his leg in plaster.

When I timorously inquired after his health, Mr. Ritchard bounced up with startling speed for an invalid.

"Mean to say you haven't seen the show? Disgraceful! I have to wear this stuff after Hepburn beats me up in Act 2."

Changing the subject, I asked Cyril what his plans were now that the play is coming to a close in London.

He subsided on the sofa with a sigh and closed his eyes.

"Rome," he whispered blissfully. "Madge and I are going to Rome. It's the first holiday we've had in 100 years."

After the holiday Cyril will fly to New York to join Katharine Hepburn for the Broadway run of "The Millionairess."

MANY Australians will remember John Geilgud's deliciously witty production of "Much Ado About Nothing" which the Stratford Company took to Australia a few years back.

The same show has just closed after a very successful West End revival in which clever Australian actor Trader Faulkner was playing.

Trader is off in the Queen Mary for New York and Bermuda, where he will play the lead in "Ring Round the Moon," with Esmond Knight and Nora Swinburne.

HOW bored can you get?

Two young men turned up at one of the most lavish parties of the year, where there were literally hundreds of other guests, including some of the most exciting personalities in Europe. The young men eyed the scene, and one of them was overheard to remark: "Not a soul here worth talking to. Then they both went home."

SOME colored photographs I received from Capri feature several sensational styles which you might like to try out this summer.

They showed:
● Italian Prince Toniatelli, famous racing-car driver and general playboy, in an orange-velvet slack-suit with an enormous uncut diamond pinned in the middle of the back.

● Ginger Rogers wearing a black chiffon shirt with cyclamen corduroy cocktail shorts.

● An unknown blonde snapped at Gracie Fields' swimming-hole, "Canzone del mare," carrying a cunning little beach bag made out of a stuffed baby panther.

LONDON'S theatrical world has been buzzing with indignation over the cheap ballyhoo that surrounded Gertrude Lawrence's funeral in New York, which, thanks to television cameras, was turned into a sort of musical extravaganza.

It's the fabric that makes the frock . . .

That is why your nicest things should always be in one of Ferguson's famous fabrics. They're breathtakingly beautiful, wonderfully long-wearing, and all fully guaranteed, of course.

Illustrated is Ferguson's famous "CARLO-SPUN," the most popular spun rayon fabric ever produced.



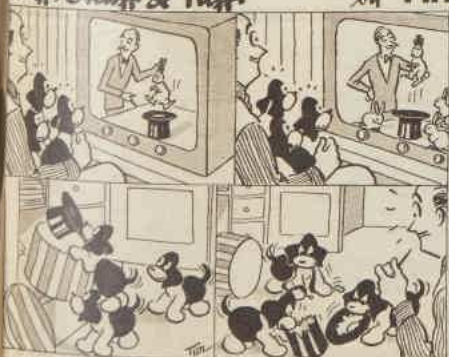
FERGUSON FABRICS

FERGUSON BROTHERS, LTD., Carlisle, England Manufacturers of Textiles since 1824

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Color makes the cummerbund

● Blue-grey skirt, left, teamed with a white draped jersey top. The two are joined with a black-and-rose-red swathed cummerbund tied in a very large bow with cascading ends on the hip.

● Summertime party dress, right, made in pale lime and emerald-green organza. The cummerbund is a long sash of lilac chiffon gathered on a bone at the centre front.

● Swathed acid-green chiffon, bottom left, makes a wide and shapely cummerbund to wear over a candy-pink taffeta evening dress. The swathed bodice has one bare shoulder.

● New chic color trio, left, gold, black, and white. The sleeveless bodice-top is worn tucked into a black skirt, and the two are held firmly together with a wide black-and-white waist garter.

● Tiny bolero jacket, left, is a typical Fath model with the jacket fronts tucked into a swathed cummerbund belt. White over royal-blue with red accent is a popular color trio.

● Lovely version of the 1952 shirt dress, below left, is made in black-and-white printed cotton. The dress is highlighted with a black velvet fitted waist-piece and velvet bow.

● Bright pink-and-white candy striped one-piece, below, combines a low-cut bodice-top and gathered skirt. The dress has an emerald-green corset-shaped cummerbund.

● Slim one-piece, above, made in printed pin-spotted tie-silk, black on yellow. Note new wide open neckline, Garbo hat, and black elastic garter-belt fastened with large hooks and eyes

Rene

Look at your skin...others do!



Help skin blemishes disappear with **REXONA SOAP**

You simply can't hide blotches and skin faults with make-up! But you can clear up blemishes with REXONA SOAP because it is especially medicated with Cadyl* to restore skin to natural loveliness.

* Cadyl is a fragrant blend of 5 rare beauty oils, exclusive to Rexona Soap. Rexona's silky-lather carries Cadyl deep into the pores where most blemishes start.



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"I Like CREST best"

SAYS *Joy Bettenay*
Charming A.N.A. Air Hostess

Off duty, charming blonde Joy Bettenay relaxes in Brisbane, surfing and playing tennis. Formerly a private secretary... turned to hostessing because of her liking for travel and meeting people. Has flown to most Australian capital cities... prefers simple well-tailored clothes.

MY HAIR
NEVER GETS THAT
DRY "PERMED" LOOK
AFTER A CREST—
AND IT LOOKS
REALLY NATURAL

Why more and more
women are turning
to Crest

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C.28.WW83g

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● Here are the latest fashions which have been seen in famous resorts, on race tracks, and in capital cities.

HUBERT DE GIVENCHY, 25-year-old star of the French couture world, recently designed chic and amusing dress fabrics printed with cats with tabby markings, civet cats, and silver-blue minks.

Hubert de Givenchy, as well as being a brilliant designer, is an expertly trained dress-maker. He started work at 17 with Fath, and has also trained under Piguet, Lelong, and Schiaparelli.

On the Isle of Capri everyone wears a hat—even the horses. The chic Capri hat this season is a bell-shaped straw cloche with a rounded crown. It has no trimming, but two hats, one on top of the other in two colors, are often worn.

The cloche is worn at all angles by men, women, and children. It is also, at times, worn over a colored cotton kerchief tied under the chin.

On the same island, the newest skirt is circular, entirely tucked with tucks three-quarters of an inch wide—in cotton. One is illustrated on this page.

At the polo club at Bagatelle following the Grand Prix, three well-dressed, chic women were noted in printed dresses with halter necklines, which left the back and shoulders bare.

The fabric of these low-cut dresses and their general styl-



TUCKED circular skirt requires 4yds. of 36in. material. The material is tucked lengthwise before the circle is cut.

and-white printed silks were also worn. Most-often-seen print was Do-charme's tree pattern, black on white.

Paris, New York, and London chatter. Strong resistance is the general reaction to Dior's latest announcement, "Skirt lengths will drop a couple of inches."

A composite view of the industry reaction, as found in the Miami Fashion Council, indicates designers' reasoning—"American girls have beautiful legs, why cover them up?" Most women, anyway, look dowdy in longer skirts.

In the U.S.A., the "aigue" fashion for teenagers has increased in importance since its introduction during the spring season. Interpretation—Indian-print, calico blouse and skirt, the blouse designed with a scoop neck and ruffled, puffed sleeve, trimmed with rows of rick-rack. Bands of rick-rack set off the tiers on the full shirred skirt.

ing were appropriate for day-time. None had matching wraps or "cover-ups"—that's new.

At the first of the big race meetings at La Grande Semaine, Paris, nearly 50 per cent. of the chic women wore white with big but tailored black hats, long black gloves, black handbags and shoes.

The costumes were in silk twill, shantung, matt crepe, and also in cotton, guipure lace, pique, and linen. Black-

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"ELLEN."—Neat, uniform-style one-piece with buttoned through fastenings is obtainable in British cotton head-cloth. The color choice includes white, natural, green, pink, sage-blue, and lemon.

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Cut Out Only.—Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 36/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 38/6; 40in. and 42in. bust, 39/9.



NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 39. Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Frocks, Stoddart's Building, 21 Pier Street, Sydney.

Aunt Homey's Hats

It must have been before the First World War that Aunt Homey Lock began to be famous for her hats, not only among her fellow Romanies but everywhere in Worcestershire and Gloucestershire, the counties in which she travelled. It was soon after she lost her husband, Neptune, who was killed at a level-crossing when he was driving home as fast as he could in a light cart.

Some said the loss had turned her head a little and that her remarkable hats were the result, but others pointed out that in every matter except that of hats Aunt Homey was as sane as you or I, and perhaps saner. She certainly had loved her Neptune, an upstanding young gypsy who had been spoken to as a little boy by Queen Victoria on Epsom Downs, and he had loved her, though he had never been the same after the only child Homey had given him had died two hours after birth. Neptune had taken to drinking more than he should, which may have accounted for his fatal accident.

Homey followed his coffin at the funeral, having paid for this with the few gold sovereigns which were all she had, then joined her brother Wellington and travelled with him and his wife, Sarah, for many years and through two world wars. She became a gentle smiling woman who deferred in all things, as she should, to Sarah and devoted herself to her little nephews and nieces. Nobody had a word to say against Aunt Homey Lock; she was a swift pea-picker and hop-picker, and what she earned went into the family exchequer. Then, although she liked her bit of beer and bit of tobacco, she was neither ruthless nor mean. Indeed the only thing about her that anyone criticised was the phenomenon of her hats.

This had started in an inauspicious way back in the first decade of the century, when women's hats throughout England were ponderous and ornate affairs, with a couple of humming-birds or half an ostrich or a bunch of realistic grapes or the best part of a pheasant as quite everyday trimmings. Aunt Homey was out one day with her little niece Esmeralda and the pair of them had been going from door to door, Aunt Homey offering clothes-pegs and the scented wood and lucky charms and a bit of fortune-telling if the occasion offered, when one back door was opened by the lady of the house herself. Aunt Homey stared at the hat of her dreams, a huge arthralgic thing with what looked to Aunt Homey like a swan minding its nest in the centre of it.

"Oh!" gasped Aunt Homey enviously.

"What do you want?" asked the lady of the house.

Aunt Homey knew at once that she was good for anything in reason, the sale of a few dozen pegs, the gift of a shilling to buy food for the dear little child who was with her, or a cup of tea for herself. But she asked for none of these.

"Could you spare a poor travelling woman a few bits of trimming for her hat?" she asked. Then, dropping into formula but remaining fairly truthful, she went on quickly, "I've only just lost my husband, lady, killed in a cruel accident, and if I could have just a little bit of ribbon or a feather it would be the means of cheering me something wonderful. You've got such a lucky face and I'm sure your little ones would never suffer from any illness if you was to be kind to a poor woman."



Esmeralda never tired of looking at her aunt's fantastic hats.

By RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

The lady of the house smiled and said she would see what she could do and left Aunt Homey there with the door wide open and a dear little joint of beef almost within her reach and silver on the sideboard. Aunt Homey never touched anything, but stood there patiently with her little niece Esmeralda, seeming to have guessed what was to happen. Presently the lady returned with a fairly large cardboard box and handed it to Homey.

"There you are!" she said. "You can have these."

Aunt Homey could scarcely wait till they were outside to look in the box, and when she had done so she picked up little Esmeralda and hurried back to her wagon as fast as she could. She sold no more clothes-pegs or anything else that day.

She turned the contents of the box out on her bed. There was a piece of velvet ribbon three inches wide and bright purple in color, there was a long curly ostrich feather dyed scarlet, there were poppies, daisies, and pansies made out of cloth, there was a pigeon's wing and a sizeable bunch of cherries. Moreover, there were two motoring veils, a large floppy bow of a particularly ugly shade of magenta, and a number of hat-pins whose two-inch heads represented butterflies and half-moons.

They say that it took Aunt Homey the best part of an hour to utilise the whole of this collection and that she achieved it on the comparatively limited framework of a single hat, the large black straw which she had been wearing for some weeks. But when it was finished she really had a hat, as she told Sarah, and Sarah replied that it took your breath away.

That was the first of Aunt Homey's hats, and in the years which followed the historic day on which she trimmed it there was such a series of monstrous and magnificent ones that their wearer became famous in three counties and had only to tap at a door for the owner to purchase her pegs and say, "Wait a minute now. I've got a few bits and pieces for you."

The fashion for large hats such as were parodied by Aunt Homey's baroque marvels ceased suddenly, as fashions do, but she remained faithful to it and found, in the years after it had gone out, that the house-dwellers were glad to give her trimmings which were no longer fashionable. You might see her with a fox's brush twined round the crown of a sort of Martello tower in velvet, or, in Baedecic fancy, with vine-leaves and great juicy bunches of artificial grapes bobbing on a satin-covered rim, or she might have feathers ruffled like an angry bird's, or ribbon in lavish loops and bows, or a collection of flowers like an ill-planned herbaceous border, or a combination of any of these. It was certain that her headwear was never uninteresting or drab, and from under it all Aunt Homey's kind dark eyes looked out with a modest, friendly smile.

To the human being her hats were for many years a source of restless delight, her little niece Esmeralda never tired of studying their variegated exuberance. As a chubby three-year-old, through all the years in which she was dodging school inspectors and growing up, the little girl loved her aunt and her aunt's hats, and the two kept close together.

Please turn to page 21

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SARAH used to complain that she hardly ever saw Esmeralda, though she was glad enough to watch the two of them go off together.

To her niece, Aunt Homey, who was no longer a young woman, promised that one day she should have hats like hers—as if there were any hats like hers—so that the young men would follow her and she could have her choice among them. But before the time came for Esmeralda to start wearing them, a young travelling man from a fair-ground—no Roman at all, but a smart young fellow for all that—took Esmeralda to his wagon and they were man and wife.

The next years were sad ones for Aunt Homey, who stayed with Wellington and Sarah and did not lose her skill with peas or hops, but spoke little when they crouched round the fire or sat in one of the inns.

Indeed, if it had not been for her hats, Aunt Homey might have moped away at the loss of Esmeralda, but with her hats to make more magnificent than ever, more lavish and rococo though the householders wore hats more mean

Aunt Homey's Hats

Continued from page 19

and sober, she seemed to pass the years and grow to be an old woman without bitterness.

It surprised people who had heard of Aunt Homey's hats and came to see them that underneath the majestic miscellany which made up their ornamentation there should be a face so gentle and quiet. Aunt Homey had no vanity and she did not wear her hats vainly, but simply, and because she herself delighted in them. Her gift for creating them seemed to her a natural thing, no more remarkable than Wellington's aptitude for training ferrets or another man's skill at tap-dancing.

She did not see Esmeralda again, but then she did not expect to do so after her niece had left the family. The fair-grounds had claimed Esmeralda—a life very different from that of her parents, with its placid round of fruit picking and work in the fields.

But Aunt Homey heard stories of her, how Esmeralda's husband was becoming rich,

how he had his own stalls on the fair-ground and later his own travelling fair. Esmeralda, so Aunt Homey was told, travelled in a wonderful great living-wagon pulled by a lorry and lined with mahogany. She had three children now and they were growing up. She sent messages to Aunt Homey by word of mouth in the gipsy manner, and once a friend of hers arrived and said that Esmeralda had told her to ask particularly about Aunt Homey's latest hat, so that the old woman knew that she was not forgotten.

She wished she could give Esmeralda the benefits of her special gift, for she felt that they should be shared by someone as beautiful as her niece must be, but she became resigned to the distance between them. One day perhaps Esmeralda would visit them and then Aunt Homey would excel herself to adorn her.

That day did not come in Aunt Homey's lifetime, for she was taken ill suddenly and lay on the bunk in her wagon for only three days before she died.

It was strange that she, who had made no demands on anyone during her lifetime, who had accepted what was given to her and asked for no more, now calmly exacted from those about her promises the fulfilment of which could only benefit her after death.

"You'll send for Esmeralda, won't you?" she asked when it was quite sure that she was dying. Sarah reassured her. "Of course we will, my Homey."

"I should like her to follow me," she explained.

This meant only that she wanted Esmeralda in her funeral procession.

"She shall."

"Tell her what's in that box is hers. For the funeral."

Sarah's heart sank, because she recognised in those sentences the last Will and Testament of Homey Lock and knew that all she had to leave would be her headgear. But she managed to nod reassuringly.

A long, painful smile spread over Aunt Homey's plain face. "She always wanted one," she said.

Aunt Homey died before that smile had left her features, and it gave her, they said, a somewhat creepy expression after death.

Esmeralda came. She drove up to the encampment in a large, shining motor-car with so much chromium on it to catch the sun that her father told her it reminded him of a showman's wagon.

Esmeralda was a plump, middle-aged woman in a handsome fur coat, and her feet were in small, high-heeled shoes, through the straps of which her flesh swelled like pin-cushions. Her husband was with her and wore a thirty-guinea suit, and Wellington and Sarah could not help noticing the beautiful jewellery he had—a small but exquisite wrist-watch, one diamond ring, and a pair of gleaming cuff-links.

Then there was Esmeralda's sister-in-law, who had an even more sumptuous fur coat and talked in a loud, rasping voice.

Wellington and Sarah found it hard to talk to their daugh-

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The automatic marvels that fill his home are described in A.M. for October, now on sale.

ter, whom they had not seen since she had left them as a young girl, and harder still to talk to their rich non-gipsy son-in-law.

They had sent for them impulsively as Aunt Homey had required, but now that they were here Wellington and Sarah scarcely liked to mention the old woman who had died, so insignificant had she suddenly become in spite of the fame of her hats.

The visitors did not mention her more than once or twice; they were talking about their grand new house and the amusement arcades which they owned.

Esmeralda even went so far as to claim that she was paying, actually paying out good money, for her children to go to school, forgetting, it seemed, how successfully she herself had dodged the inspectors.

Then Sarah suddenly got tired of this and, bringing out Aunt Homey's box, dumped it at Esmeralda's feet.

"She said this was for you," said Sarah harshly. "For the funeral."

Esmeralda opened the box and drew out the last and most lustrous of Aunt Homey's hats, a fructiferous and botanic bird-sanctuary which made the spectrum seem, by comparison, a pale and inadequate series of not very interesting tints.

"I shouldn't touch it," said Esmeralda's sister-in-law. "You might catch something."

Esmeralda's husband gave a shrill whistle.

Esmeralda said nothing at all. She sat looking at that astonishing piece of headgear for a long time, but dusk had fallen and no one could see the expression on her face.

They only knew that next day when the funeral procession moved down to the churchyard, Esmeralda's husband and sister-in-law, with decent solemnity, walked behind the coffin, while between them, to their evident embarrassment, proudly and sadly walked Esmeralda, wearing above her expensive fur coat the last and most horrific of Aunt Homey's hats.

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You take the high road

By James R. Miller

KIMBALL was going about sixty when the tyre blew out, but after a sharp swerve he held the car and stopped. He thought of the two hitch-hikers he had passed a mile back. One of them was sitting, face in hands, on his upturned suitcase. The other, who was standing, had given the thumbing sign.

Of course, they had seen that he was alone in a big car, and had yelled angrily after him. They had looked fairly tough. If they were, and if they caught up with him, well . . .

Kimball got out and looked back up the twisting road, but he couldn't see very far. He put a rock under the left front wheel and jacked up the left rear wheel. He prised off the hub cap and set a wrench over one nut after another. He got them off in about three minutes. Then he potted at the wheel, and that was hard, but finally it rocked off.

Kimball had not seen more than a dozen cars in the last ten miles. So there wasn't much chance that someone would come along and pick those fellows up—someone who didn't pass hitch-hikers.

He always did, on the theory that, although most of them might be all right, sooner or later you'd catch a joker who would cut your throat for a bob. It wasn't a charitable attitude, and it was full of fear, but those things happened.

Kimball remembered, on the other hand, his younger days when he had hitched rides, and remembered, too, the drivers who had passed him and how he had stood there snarling after them.

Kimball pulled the spare out of the boot, and felt the soft, giving bounce of it. He looked up the road. He had a hand pump. It was not the most modern or easy variety, but he started pumping hard, and kept it up, hard and steady, even when his arms began to ache. He looked up the road again. It was still clear.

He pumped again until he thought he couldn't stand it, and suddenly it became easier, and he knew the pump was leaking. He put his hand in the glove box, ripped some tape off a roll and wound it tightly around the air line and then furiously started pumping again.

It was hard work again, which was a good sign, and he pumped for two or three minutes, and when he looked up he saw the two men standing there, about fifty yards away.

Well, Kimball thought, I've got the wrench. He went on pumping and the men came nearer, talking softly. One was older and bigger than Kimball, the other smaller and younger. Their clothes were poor but not shabby. The older one said: "What you doing, pal—changing a tyre?" The other one looked away, grinning.

"Yes," Kimball answered. They came closer. The older one kept his hands in his pockets. Kimball started pumping again.

"Look there," the older man said. "Look at the hole in that tyre. That what you call a blow-out?"

"That's right," Kimball said. "The tyre blew out. We call that a blow-out."

"Remember that, kid," the older man said to his companion. "Keep your eyes and ears open and you learn things." He kept one hand in his pocket and with the other one pointed at the rock under the front wheel. "Now, look there. You see that rock? Why do you suppose he has that under there?"

The younger one knelt and peered at it. "Gets me," he said.

"How about that, pal? You just

happen to stop behind that rock, or what?"

Kimball saw that the younger man had his hand on the rock. "Leave that alone," he said. His eye went to the wrench. "If that car rolls off that jack you could get hurt."

"You hear that, kid?" the older one said. "Leave it be."

A car passed, going the other way. Kimball stood on the spare tyre. It was hard now. He picked up the wrench and rolled the tyre around to the jacked-up side and started to lift it on. It was hard work. Kimball's back and arms ached from the pumping, and every time he got the wheel almost on, it fell off.

"Just let me know, pal, if we can help," the older man said.

Kimball hoisted the wheel again and shoved hard and it hung steady. "I'll let you know," he said.

He screwed the nuts on part way and set the wrench over each one and gave it a spin each time until they felt tight, and then took up on each one with a hard final twist.

"Look at that, boy," the older man said. "Why, if I'd been doing that, I'd have just turned the wrench and never even thought of spinning it. You see how it pays to keep your eyes and ears open? That's brains, kid. If you and I had brains like that, we might even have a car like that—a big, shiny sedan to ride in instead of walking."

"That would be nice," the younger one said.

"Quit dreaming. We'll never have one. Not with our brains. We

just wouldn't know how to go about getting a car like that, would we?"

Kimball heard it all and didn't like it, but he knew the next move was his. The older man still kept one hand in his coat pocket.

"Where are you heading?" Kimball asked.

The younger one looked at the older one, and the older one said: "Well, now, we didn't have nothing special in mind. Just north."

"I'm only going another twenty miles," Kimball lied, "but if you want a lift, you're welcome."

The older man smiled. "Don't put yourself out. We know you don't want passengers. You didn't stop back there."

"I don't usually stop," Kimball said, "but I'm stopped now. Get in if you want a lift."

"That would be a nice car to ride in, eh, kid?" the older man said, and the younger one nodded.

The older man looked both ways along the road and took the gun out of his pocket and pointed it carelessly at Kimball and said: "We could do with a lift, but we won't trouble you to drive us. Just get over by that ditch a minute. Kid, you see if you can start her up."

Kimball looked them over and saw the odds and walked over to the ditch. The car engine started. The older man said to Kimball: "Turn your back to me."

Kimball turned, tensed for a blow. The man's hand went over his hips and under his arms, then to his inside coat pocket. The wallet came out under Kimball's nose. There was about twenty quid in it, he guessed. A moment later the wallet landed at his feet. "I left you enough," the man said. "Stay where you are."

Kimball heard the car door open and close. The car went into gear, strained and stalled.

"Hey, pal," the older man said, "run over and push that rock out of the way, like a good fellow."

Kimball turned, and the man wiggled the gun at him. He went forward and kicked the rock away. The car shot past him.

Kimball picked up his wallet. All his papers, except the car registration, were there. Also a ten-bob note. Kimball began walking. Before long a car came along behind him. He waved. The car slowed a little and went on.

When, after a while, five or six cars had passed him, Kimball began to feel the way he had in his youth, but he didn't blame the drivers. Finally, a car did stop. It was a small car, a good ten years old.

"Get in. Take the weight off your feet," the driver said. He was a round-faced man with glasses.

"Thanks," Kimball said. "Where do you want me to sit?"

"Sit anywhere. You tired? Why don't you sit in the back? You can stretch out better."

Kimball was glad to get in the back. The fellow didn't seem to know it was a bad place to put hitch-hikers.

"Where you going?" the driver asked as he started the car. Kimball mentioned the next sizeable town to the north, where he'd have the best chance of starting a search for his car.

"You're lucky. I'm going right through there," the man said. "No fun walking, is it? I've hitch-hiked. I know how it is. I always give a fellow a lift. It don't cost me anything. Besides," he added with a laugh, "it's somebody to talk to."

Kimball thanked him again, thinking: Mister, some day you're going to be sorry. "Ever have any trouble?" he asked.

"Trouble? Picking fellows up? Never. I know—you hear about it. People getting robbed and bashed and all that. But I reckon the average fellow is all right. If he's hitching, he's probably broke, but that's nothing against him. So I always stop. I never had trouble yet, and, to tell you the truth, I never ran into anybody that did."

Kimball couldn't help laughing. The man laughed, too. "That's funny, isn't it?" he said. "You hear about all this trouble, but it's always happening to someone else. I have a theory on that, sort of a philosophy. People that get into trouble like that, they're generally looking for it. You don't get into much trouble trusting people and giving them a hand. Right?"

Well, Kimball thought, what do you say to a nice chap like this? Those other fellows took my money and my car, and I could tell him all about it . . . and that would be taking something away from him too. And where would that get any of us?

"Right," Kimball said.

(Copyright)

The car slid past at about sixty miles, ignoring the two hitch-hikers waiting at the side of the road.



The DEVIL in Feathers



LONG and sleek as its owner, and as immaculate, the car purred along the highway, swung in a graceful curve, and dipped into a wooded valley. So silent it seemed to caress the ribboned road, it slid down to a narrow bridge, the boards of which made no more than a drowsy protest as it crossed and rose easily to the ascent. Presently it was on the high ground again and Rex Carew slowed and stopped.

He had lolled back in his seat and was tapping a cigarette against a monogrammed case as he gazed down over the tree tops to where the city lay, a huddle of twinkling lights. The thought occurred to him that in his well-cut dress suit, his high silk hat, white muffer carelessly about his lean neck, and sitting in this expensive car with a beautiful woman by his side he was rather like the handsomer men models they used in the better-class magazine advertisements.

"Pretty, eh?" he said.
"Eh, what?" Tired after a night's dancing, Teresa didn't bother to open her eyes. Moonlight bathed her face and her honey hair.

"The scenery and effects," Rex explained, waving his cigarette at them. "And you, of course, precious. In this light you're beautiful."

"I'm beautiful in any light," Teresa yawned. "You didn't have to stop the chariot to tell me."

"Almost too beautiful."
"Oh, I don't know." She awoke to the occasion. "Rex . . . you haven't run out of petrol? I thought that only happened to single girls."

"My dear Mrs. Carew, you honor is my first consideration," he said. "And that, paradoxically, is the reason why the cab's dug its heels in." He inspected the glowing tip of his cigarette. "I've been thinking all evening, old thing, whether it wouldn't be possible for you to trim the wick."

"For goodness sake don't call me beautiful and old thing in the same breath," Teresa said crossly. She shrugged her furs about her. "Where are we, anyway? Mount Popocatepetl?"

He ignored that. "I really think you could quell the flame," he persisted.

Teresa said, "Rex Carew, if you've a mind, speak it. You drag me willy-nilly from a ballroom and sulk all the way to this freezing mountain peak and then start behaving like a well-dressed cat. I don't like being the mouse. And I don't appreciate the suggestion that you have a wife who resembles a candle."

"You won't deny that to-night there were moths? Fluttering. A full half score."

"How many's that?" she asked. Obligingly he held up his gloved hands, fingers spread. "Then it's a gross exaggeration," Teresa said after

"Was that you, Rex Carew," demanded Teresa, swinging around at the sound of a shrill wolf whistle.

a moment's reflection. "There were only nine, and that included Professor Glatensberg, who is Methuselah's twin."

"And," he prompted, watching her, "Frederick W. Grander?"

"And what's wrong with Frederick W. Grander?" she wanted to know.

He blew smoke, watched it idly. "I regard Freddie with no particular ill-will," he said smoothly. "I'd even go so far as to class him with the more loathsome order of toads. Someone you might compare to his slight disadvantage with the slimy things you find under stones."

"Just because I knew Freddie aeons before you came prancing in with that cheap box of candy . . ."

"Is no reason why he should heap gifts upon you now," Rex interrupted. His eyes held a reminiscent gleam. "Grander sidled up to me to-night. 'I've sent a little present to your wife, Carew,' he smirked. 'I trust you've no objections.' 'Oh, none in the least,' I told him. 'Any little token of farewell.' I put the 'farewell' in italics."

"You could get a blue ribbon for bad manners," Teresa said. "Freddie's just a sweet thing and, anyway, he never courted me with mouldy chocolates."

Rex was stung to defence. The night he had been suddenly beset with an overwhelming urge to woo Teresa was still fresh in his memory. "I wore my feet to the bone getting those chocolates," he said. "All the shops were closed, practically. I suppose Freddie W. Grander bought his beastly present wholesale?"

A GIGGLE came from Teresa as she snuggled down in her furs. "You'll never guess what her sent me now. I'll give you three shots." When her husband scowled at the moon, she told him, "It's a parrot."

"Parrot?" he repeated, aghast. "One of those things that squawk?"

"It's really a cockatoo," she explained. "I mentioned in an idle moment that I adored them and Freddie just happened to have a spare one."

"What is that Grander? A bird fancier?"

"Don't be silly, Rex. You know as well as I he's a ship's chandler, whatever that is. He's the head chandler," she emphasised. "The cockatoo will be home when we get there, but it will be fast asleep. Freddie said not to disturb it to-night but for me to come upon it when I'm fresh and fragrant in the morning. It will love me at first sight," she said.

"I'll wring its neck at dawn," Rex growled.

"Don't be absurd," Teresa said. "You've never been awake at dawn in your life."

At half past seven Teresa woke Rex from a beautiful dream in which Freddie Grander had fallen into a cauldron of hot chocolate and he was pushing him from the edge with a large wooden ladle. What made

the dream excruciatingly funny was that Freddie couldn't swim.

"Rise and shine, darling, and find out how the cockatoo slept," Teresa yawned, and, disappointed because he'd been robbed of the sight of Grander going down for the third time, Rex said, "Why don't you get up. It's your bird."

"Freddie said first appearance was important," she objected. "I've got to get oomphed up."

Grumbling, he climbed into his robe and went to the kitchen and was instantly aware of tension. Emily, the maid, was sulking at the sink, and in the farthest corner was an imprisoned cockatoo which he hated on sight and loathed on principle.

He smacked his hands together, falsely genial. "Good morning, Emily. So you have company, eh?"

"Mr. Carew!" Emily's face was homelier for its grievance. "I'm a broadminded woman, I hope, but when I removed the cover from that cage I was never more insulted in my life. If my fiancé had heard he would have laid that bird dead at his feet."

From the cage came a staccato bark which might have indicated defiance, but, when Rex turned, its head had slumped into its shoulders. "Oh, come, Emily," he said, hoping for the worst. "I'm sure Mr. Grander wouldn't send Mrs. Carew a cockatoo which wasn't strictly chapel. You must have misunderstood."

He pursed his lips, making what he believed was a pleasant kissing sound. "Pretty Polly . . ." he began doubtfully, and knew at once that the bird considered him below fair average quality. His hair had a pre-breakfast tousle, his bathrobe was crumpled, and he hadn't shaved, but these were things he felt one would scarcely expect a cockatoo to notice. It seemed to him that in addition to scorn the eyes of the bird held a measure of malevolence and the thought came . . . could it be possible that Grander, by remote control, perhaps, was directing the thing to hate him? Absurd of course, because a man like Grander hadn't the brains to direct anything.

When he said to Emily, "Polly's not very co-operative," Polly turned its back and gave a perfectly sound and vulgar imitation of throat-clearing and spitting. "Polly, I'm ashamed," Rex said reprovingly. "Wherever have you been brought up?"

A vehement and sustained muttering came from the cage, and Rex said hastily, "Don't listen, Emily," and put his fingers in his ears.

"Oh, it wasn't his fool language I took exception to," Emily told him. "If Mr. Grander taught that bird to say the things it said to me he's no fit for human society."

"Oh, I've known that for a long time," Rex was tempted to say, but catching himself in time, hurried to the bedroom to tell Teresa the delightfully odious cockatoo had turned out. Teresa was in the bath so he called through the door. "It's

A humorous short story by PETER AMOS

Rex's married life was one of domestic bliss until he got the bird. And what a bird was Wolverhampton, the pest of the Pacific.

"Has Freddie Grander ever been on a windjammer?" "Good heavens, no," Teresa called. "What's a windjammer?" "Sailors go round Cape Horn in them," Rex shouted over the sound of running water. "On calmer days they teach their pet parrots to talk. You should hear what someone's taught Polly. It's terrible—shocking."

"How thrilling," Teresa called. "When I go to the butcher's I'll teach him."

"What? Old Gumsen?"

"Teach the bird, you dope," Teresa teased. "Then he'll say to Gumsen the things I'm thinking." She emerged a few minutes later and began to dress while Rex told his story. "I don't believe a word of it," he said. "Freddie wouldn't give me a bird like that. There's something about your appearance, it doesn't like. Perhaps when you shave and shower and brush your hair it'll feel differently."

Knowing she'd as soon lose her figure, he said, "Emily's thinking of landing in her notice, anyway," and wasn't surprised when, without completing her dressing, Teresa drew a gown lightly about her shoulders and hurried to the kitchen on a mission of appeasement. In the bathroom he ran the hot water, altered his face, and took down his old-fashioned cut-me-throat. He heard the cockatoo squawk and, almost to be in on any new development, ambled to the kitchen, razor in hand.

"Rex . . . everything's explained," Teresa cried when she caught sight of him. "I bet you called it Polly?" "I believe I did. Should it be Pollyanna?"

"How'd you like it if someone called you Regina?" He winced and she went on triumphantly. "His name's Wolverhampton."

"Wolverhampton?" He cut a hair with the razor blade. "Darling, you can't call a cockatoo Wolverhampton. Feathers, perhaps; or Cocky. Jack, even. But Wolverhampton . . . oh, no, precious."

Teresa bent to the cage and pursed her lips. "Come, Wolverhampton," she cooed, and the bird approached in a series of coy hops.

"Kin Wolverhampton," it croaked. Its beak reached for her lips and it initiated a smacking kiss.

"You see, Emily. It's just darling. Mr. Carew must have upset it." Teresa said and cooed again.

The cockatoo hopped towards her and was thrusting out its beak for another kiss when it caught sight of Rex's fathered face. Its gurgles changed to guttural command. "Aunt there, you lubber. Swab the decks or I'll flay the daylight out of you."

Teresa's brows shot up and when the cockatoo invested its throat with unpergated detail Emily screwed up her eyes and hunched her shoulders as though she was being physically assaulted. "You see with what delicacy Mr. Grander selects his presents, Teresa," Rex said smugly. "I don't care," Teresa retorted. "Anyone has a right to fly off the handle when it's confronted with a mad Frankenstein waving a naked razor. You just don't make any effort to be companionable. If you'd only dance it a hornpipe or sing 'Rolling Down to Rio' . . . oh, what's the use?" she broke off. "I'll get dressed and come back and calm it down."

The door handle caught her gown and flung it from her shoulder as she was hurrying out, leaving her in bra and panties, and she paused, disconcerted. Stopping, she reddened at a wail whistle. "Was that you, Rex Carew?" she demanded, whirling on him. He shook his head, disclaiming all

responsibility, pointing his razor at Wolverhampton, giving him full marks.

Driving leisurely to the city, Rex pondered Grander's gift. Candy or Powers he could have coped with. Candy you ate and flowers could be put in the dust-bin, but cockatoos went on and on. Wolverhampton was no doubt long past ninety and should be turning his thoughts to flying formation with the angels, but it was possible he might live to be recorded by Ripley—a constant reminder that Teresa had once seriously considered marrying in another quarter.

Quite early in his conjugal career Rex had discovered that he couldn't force his convictions down his wife's throat, and so, at breakfast, he had said with crafty diplomacy. "Poor old Wolverhampton! What a shame to shut him up! Suppose we do our good deed for the day and let him fly away with all the other little birds?"

"But we really should have a pet," Teresa had countered. "We haven't a single baby. We haven't even a Pekingese. People are beginning to point at us. Besides, Wolverhampton can't fly. His wing's cut. He'd be run over by a bus."

CUTTING a bird's wing! Just the sadistic prank a Fred W. Grander would get up to, he'd thought, and gone off in a huff because Teresa had announced her intention of teaching Wolverhampton to take a sugar lump from her mouth.

Waiting for the traffic lights to change, his eye caught a painted sign on a distant wall. Fredk. W. Grander, Ships' Chandler. A painful example of vulgar exhibitionism! Fredk. W. Grander! Savagely he let in the clutch and the car shot forward. Fredk. Wolf Grandier, if you asked him! He blinked. Fredk. Wolverhampton Grandier! That was it, of course! He'd suspected from the beginning that there was something sinister in Grander sending his old flame a cockatoo he'd taught to say "Kiss Wolverhampton."

Perhaps Teresa had known all along that Wolverhampton was one of her old sweetheart's Christian names. Sorry to bother her, trying to make his voice casual, he telephoned, asking if by any chance she could help to settle an argument at the club about Grander's second name.

"What? . . . I can't hear you. Second what?" Teresa asked, obviously stalling, of course. She'd been knocked off her perch. He shuddered at the thought of Teresa on a perch and listened to her denials. "William," she guessed. Walter, maybe. Wenceslas, perhaps. She knew he'd been born about Christmas. Wishing he'd never been born at all, Rex put down the receiver.

One of those lie-detector things, he was thinking, would have measured her hesitancy and proved her guilt.

Contrary to custom, he went home for the mid-day meal and found Emily entertaining a young man. "It's my fiance, sir," she explained. "If you don't mind, I was going to give him a bite in the kitchen."

Rex said he didn't mind and wandered into the living-room, and she followed, asking what he'd like for lunch. "I've put that bird outside," she said. "I couldn't put up with any more of its nonsense. If it gets frozen stiff it has only its wicked tongue to blame."

"Oh, I shouldn't worry," he said. "It's probably got its winter feathers on. Besides, Wolverhampton's accustomed to ice floes. I'm not sure whether we shouldn't take some cubes from the fridge and scatter them about his cage."

Awaiting lunch, he idled to Teresa's secretaire and furtively lifted an envelope from the otherwise empty floral wastepaper basket. "Mr. Freddy . . ." he read. Thus far Teresa had written before discarding an envelope that suggested familiarity. Doubtless she had addressed another to Fredk. W. Grander. And she had written when she might have telephoned. Even without a looking-glass he could make out on the blotter words "Freddie darling" and "precious" and "kiss Wolver . . ."

When Emily brought his lunch he asked her whether she had told her fiance of the shameful way in which the cockatoo had addressed her and she said, "Oo no. Tell Albert Goodge! And him that hot tempered."

"Then I shall make a point of telling him myself," Rex said. Any hot-tempered fiance could surely be relied upon to protect his girl from a bird, even by force. And what he told Mr. Goodge, he felt, would be near enough to the truth to make his hair curl. "The purity of womanhood must be protected, Emily," he announced. "When Albert's had his meal I'll have a word with him."

He had more than a word. Whispering a selection of the more spectacular words used by the cockatoo, he discovered, however, that Mr. Goodge was highly diverted and keenly interested, so he quickly switched to Wolverhampton's verbal assault on Emily's modesty.

When he had finished, her fiance, very red in the face, unhesitatingly declared that it was too much of a good thing and was all for doing something about it.

He suggested that they might take turns in wringing Wolverhampton's neck, but Emily, entering at that moment, said that Mrs. Carew wouldn't like that at all. "She's head over heels in love with it," she said.

"That's all very well, Emily," Rex objected, "but Mrs. Carew goes about the world wrapped in innocence." He was glad to note that what Mr. Goodge appeared to be wrapped in at the moment was a healthy brooding silence. Such speculative stillness, he believed, boded ill for talkative cockatoos, and he said pointedly, "I tremble to think what it may say to Emily next. I wouldn't blame anyone for ridding the world of such a moral menace."

He left them on that and spent fifteen minutes speculating on ways and means a resolute fiance might employ in despatching Grander's bird, hopeful that he had shifted responsibility, expecting to return to the kitchen and find Mr. Goodge inquiring for a small wooden box and a shovel.

Please turn to page 26



THE TRUTH ABOUT EPILEPSY

More than 1 million Australians have a tendency to epilepsy, which is now more widespread than tuberculosis.

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HEN he rejoined the couple, however, Emily had a suggestion. "Why not let Albert take Wolverhampton to the wharves and swap him at one of the bird shops for one better brought up? If he makes a good match, Mrs. Carew would be none the wiser."

Rex felt that the idea had merit. If a violent course were pursued there might be awkward questions should Teresa, nosing into the matter, come upon a spot of blood on the perch or incriminating feathers on the porch.

He was determined to get rid of the nasty bird anyhow, and a swap certainly seemed the best way. He knew he'd never have a minute's peace again with that monster screaming at him to swab the decks down. Rex frowned darkly. Just the thing, of course, he'd like to see Fredk. W. Grander doing.

The blue language used by Wolverhampton attracted a sizable crowd at a point near the wharves where half an hour later Rex set Mr. Goodge and the cockatoo down, and the flow was sufficiently maintained to cause a procession to form and follow Emily's young man as, cage in hand, he made his way to a nearby bird fancier's.

Within twenty minutes he had returned with a cockatoo which seemed to Rex the physical counterpart of the Grander iniquity, though Mr. Goodge explained that he had it on authority it had been reared in an English vicarage.

"Say hello, cocky," Rex experimented, and, when the cockatoo responded heartily, "Well now! What about tea and muffins?" he was delighted and, anxious that the new cockatoo should be installed before Teresa returned, asked Mr. Goodge to take it to Emily by taxi, giving him a pound for his trouble.

The day seemed appreciably brighter as in mid-afternoon he strolled into the bar of his club; brighter still when he caught sight of the stricken face of Fredk. W. Grander. The man looked so tortured he hoped he'd just been apprised of the total loss at sea of a valuable and uninsured cargo.

The Chandler came bounding to the bar. "Carew! Thank heaven I've found you," he cried. "I don't know what Teresa can be thinking of me." He produced a letter. "It's a special delivery thanking me for the cockatoo. But she tells me it says 'Kiss Wolverhampton.' Good lord, man! If she only knew what else it can say!" He wiped his sweating brow. "Carew! Does she?"

"Oh, it seemed to us a perfectly delightful old bird," Rex said. "Dip your beak into a bourbon, Grander."

But Grander didn't want a bourbon. "Delightful," he groaned. "You call that bird

delightful? Carew, it's the devil in feathers."

Rex refused to be disturbed. "Even cockatoos reform, Grander," he said. "The touch of a woman's lips, you know. The charm of a voice . . ."

"Man, don't you understand?" Grander protested desperately. "A dreadful mistake has been made. It would shatter my friendship with Teresa. My man took her the wrong bird. She's got Wolverhampton. Wolverhampton, Carew. Captain Curdle's cockatoo! He named it after his hell-ship. It's known as the pest of the Pacific. The bird, I mean. Good lord, man, it's liable to say anything. But Curdle thinks no end of the wretched thing."

Beauty in brief:

Problem fingernails

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Women who exercise their fingertips excessively—like typists and pianists—often find that they can fortify nails against breakage by an extra coat of varnish.

WHEN fingernails make a habit of splitting, peeling, and breaking off, it is a sign that they need reconditioning. Discontinue lacquering temporarily, and afterwards give nails a holiday at regular intervals.

Meanwhile, step up manicures, soak fingertips in warm oil, and smooth cuticles in a good cream.

Buff your nails to keep them smooth and give them a healthy finish.

Modest oval-shapel fingernails came into their own when claw nails went out of fashion along with arched, black eyebrows. The good, all-purpose nail length is bound to go on looking better longer.

If, after careful treatment, nails persist in misbehaving, look to your calcium intake. A pint of milk daily will supply minimum calcium requirements. If you dislike milk, make a point of getting calcium from other sources. A calcium deficiency more often than not is the cause of brittle fingernails.

He's refused two hundred pounds for it."

Rex gulped. He didn't like the sound of that two hundred pounds. "Nonsense. No one gives two hundred for a cockatoo," he said.

"But, Carew, they do. They will. You don't know this bird. Why, he's famous. I mean infamous. He's been the rounds of the toughest ports of both hemispheres. He's steeped in vice. That's what makes him so valuable. Captain Curdle's calling for him in the morning. Suppose I run out to your place . . .?"

"No, no," Rex said hastily. "Teresa's not home and the maid's a bit dumb. I'll bring Wolverhampton in myself."

He hoped he might do it if he sprang into action. In ten minutes he was entering the bird fancier's shop, telling himself to be calm. He drew out his cigarette case, looking around with condescending in-

Continued from page 25

terest, explaining that he was considering buying a bird as a pet . . . a cockatoo perhaps. "But, of course, he must be a good talker," said Rex.

"You want the bird for a lady?" The shop man looked doubtful.

"No," Rex said unguardedly. "For a bachelor."

"Ah!" The bird fancier liked the cut of Rex's expensive clothes and the look of his gold cigarette case. He said he was short on cockatoos at the moment and the only one he had had been relegated to the rear. "The police, you know," he said significantly, and explained, "My wife is very gifted. Already she has identified four languages in

The bird fancier nudged Rex delightedly. "You hear? No wonder Mr. Hazelrigg will give sixty."

His wife raised a warning hand as, head bent to the cage, she listened in to the bird's mutter. One by one her fingers shot up until one thumb alone remained down. The bird fancier started for the door. "On the phone I will ask Mr. Hazelrigg sixty five."

"Seventy and it is giving it away," the woman counselled. Captain Curdle was calling on the morrow and then it would be two hundred. Rex said weakly, "I will give seventy five."

"O.K.," the bird fancier agreed affably. "A bird in hand . . . It is the motto of our shop. As a favor eighty pounds." He made a slight gesture towards his knitting wife. "After all, it is not nice that a lady should hear such things."

Rex hesitated, but Wolverhampton was screaming something about his living daylight and he hastily drew out his wallet and counted the money.

He walked to the car, with Wolverhampton jumping up and down on his perch. Rex was sure he could see the bird sneering at him, as much as to say, "You'll never get rid of me, you landlubber."

"That's what you think, Wolver, old boy," said Rex, as he placed the cage on the seat beside him. "You're going straight back to Captain Curdle. Tell him to swab down the deck!"

He drove direct to the ship's chandlery with Wolverhampton. "There's your filthy cockatoo, Grander," he said sternly. "I got home and found Teresa in hysterics. She doesn't want to set eyes on you ever again. You'd better go away till it blows over." He peered closely at Fredk. W. Grander's face. "To me you look terrible," he said. "Why not oose off to Lapland? Or tour Darkest Africa?"

When he reached home, Teresa was in tears. Emily had gone. She had pinned a note to the bird cage saying that her fiancé had had an unexpected windfall and they proposed having a little holiday. She hoped Mrs. Carew would be happy with the cockatoo.

In vain Rex tried to console his wife. At last he said, slyly, "At least, darling, you have Wolverhampton."

"Yes, I know," Teresa said. "But Emily's gone! She'll never come back!" She put her arms about the bird cage. "Oh, Wolverhampton, what will we do?"

The bird cleared its throat politely. "Let us sing Hymn One Hundred and Six," it said, and intoned with melancholy piety, "When troubles loom look up above . . ."

(Copyright)

By RUD

DID YOU ENJOY YOUR LUNCH HOUR GAME OF CHESS TODAY?



NO! I WAS TWO HOURS LATE BACK FOR WORK!



GOODNESS! WAS YOUR BOSS ANNOYED?



NO! HE WON!!



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There are now 2 very desirable Pelaco Whites, your fashionable favourite — the standard white and the long-awaited Triplelife with the revolutionary, long-lasting collar. Exhaustive tests by Australia's greatest shirtmaker — Pelaco, have proved that the Triplelife collar under equal conditions will outlast 3 ordinary fused collars. Triplelife is available in snowy white, lustrous, long-wearing poplin, with 2 collar styles... Triplelife is perfection in white shirts. And remember — you'll always look right in a Pelaco White.

"It is indeed a lovely Shirt, Sir!"

They do it with MIRRORS

JANE MARPLE finds all too much that is disturbing when she visits Stonygates, home of her old school-friend, CARRIE LOUISE SERROCOLD, at the urgent request of RUTH VAN RYDOCK, Carrie Louise's sister.

The household is a bewildering assortment of clashing personalities, all connected with Carrie Louise's marriages. There is MILDRED STRETE, widowed daughter of Carrie Louise and her first husband, wealthy Eric Brandsen; GINA, attractive daughter of their dead adopted daughter; WALLY HULL, Gina's American husband; STEPHEN RESTARICK, stepson of Carrie Louise's second marriage; while LEWIS SERROCOLD, her current husband, has brought EDGAR LAWSON into the home from a reform school adjoining Stonygates.

After dinner the second night of Miss Marple's visit there is a disturbance when from Lewis' study comes the sound of Edgar's threatening voice followed by shots. The outburst is apparently pure showmanship, as Lewis is unharmed, but, as everyone subsides again, MISS BELLEVER, companion-secretary to Carrie Louise, announces that she has called the police because CHRISTIAN BRANDSEN, who arrived earlier, has been shot dead. NOW READ ON.

SOME moments passed before anyone took in what Miss Believer was saying. Then Carrie Louise said incredulously: "Christian shot? Dead? Oh, surely, that's impossible."

"If you don't believe me," said Miss Believer, addressing not so much Carrie Louise as the assembled company, "go and look for yourselves."

Anger sounded in the crisp sharpness of her voice.

Slowly, unbelievably, Carrie Louise took a step towards the door. Lewis Serrocold put a hand on her shoulder. "No, dearest, let me go."

He went out through the doorway. Dr. Maverick, with a doubtful glance at Edgar, followed him. Miss Believer went with them.

Miss Marple gently urged Carrie Louise into a chair. She sat down, her eyes looking hurt and stricken. "Christian—shot?" she said again. It was the bewildered hurt tone of a child.

Walter Hudd remained close by Edgar Lawson, glowering down at him. In his hand he held the gun that he had picked up from the floor.

Carrie Louise said in a wondering voice: "But who could possibly want to shoot Christian?"

Walter muttered under his breath: "Nuts! The whole lot of them."

Stephen had moved protectively closer to Gina. Her young, startled face was the most vivid thing in the room.

Suddenly the front door opened and a rush of cold air together with a man in a big overcoat came in. The heartiness of his greeting seemed incredibly shocking. "Hullo, everybody, what's going on to-night? A lot of fog on the road. I had to go dead slow."

For a startled moment, Miss Marple thought that she was seeing double. Surely the same man could not be standing by Gina and coming in by the door. Then she realised that it was only a likeness and not, when you looked closely, such a very strong likeness. The two men were clearly brothers with a strong family resemblance, but no more.

Where Stephen Restarick was thin, the newcomer was sleek. The big coat with the astrakhan collar fitted his body snugly. A handsome young man, and one who bore upon him the authority and good humor of success.

But Miss Marple noted one thing about him. His eyes, as he entered the hall, looked immediately at Gina.

He said, a little doubtfully, to Carrie Louise, "You did expect me? You got my wire?"

She put her hand out to him. He took it and kissed it gently. It was an affectionate act of homage, not a mere theatrical courtesy.

"Of course, Alex dear," she murmured. "Only, you see—things have been happening—"

"Happening?"

Mildred gave the information, gave it with a kind of grim relish. "My brother Christian Brandsen has been found shot dead."

Alex registered sharp dismay. "Suicide, do you mean?"

"Oh, no," Carrie Louise said. "It couldn't be suicide. Not Christian!" "Uncle Christian would never shoot himself, I'm sure," said Gina.

Alex Restarick looked from one person to the other. From his brother, Stephen, he received a short, confirmative nod. Walter stared back at him with faint resentment. Alex's eyes rested on Miss Marple with a sudden frown. It was as though he had found some unwanted prop on a stage set.

"When?" asked Alex. "When did this happen, I mean?"

"Just before you arrived," said Gina. "About—oh, three or four minutes ago, I suppose. Why, of course, we actually heard the shot. Only we didn't notice it—not really."

"Didn't notice it? Why not?"

"Well, you see, there were other things going on . . ." Gina spoke rather hesitantly.

"Sure were," said Walter with emphasis.

Juliet Believer came into the hall by the door from the library.

"Mr. Serrocold suggests that we should all wait in the library. It would be convenient for the police. Except for Mrs. Serrocold. You've had a shock, Cara. I've ordered some hot bottles to be put in your bed. I'll take you up and—"

Rising to her feet, Carrie Louise shook her head. "I must see Christian first," she said.

"Oh, no, dear. Don't upset yourself."

Carrie Louise put her very gently to one side. "Dear Jolly—you don't understand." She looked round and said, "Jane?"

Miss Marple had already moved towards her. They went together towards the door. Dr. Maverick, coming in, almost collided with them.

"Dr. Maverick. Do stop her," Miss Believer exclaimed. "So foolish!"

Carrie Louise looked calmly at the young doctor. She even gave a tiny smile.

Dr. Maverick said: "You want to go and—see him?"

"I must."

"I see." He stood aside. "If you feel you must, Mrs. Serrocold. But afterwards please go and lie down and let Miss Believer look after you. At the moment you do not feel the shock, but I assure you that you will do so."

"Yes. I expect you are quite right. I will be quite sensible. Come, Jane."

The two women moved out through the door, past the foot of the main staircase and along the corridor, past the dining-room on the right and the double door leading to the kitchen quarters on the left, past the side door to the terrace and on to the door that gave admission to the Oak Suite that had been allotted to Christian Brandsen.

It was a room furnished as a sitting-room more than a bedroom, with a bed in an alcove to one side and a door leading into a dressing-room and bathroom.

Carrie Louise stopped on the threshold. Christian Brandsen had been sitting at the big mahogany desk with a small portable typewriter open in front of him. He sat there now, but slumped sideways in the chair.

Its high arms prevented him from slipping to the floor.

Lewis Serrocold was standing by the window. He had pulled the curtain a little aside and was gazing out into the night. He looked round and frowned.

"My dearest, you shouldn't have come."

He came towards her and she stretched out a hand to him. Miss Marple retreated a step or two.

"Oh, yes, Lewis. I had to—see him. One has to know just exactly how things are." She walked slowly towards the desk.

"You mustn't touch anything," Lewis said warningly. "The police must have things left exactly as we found them."

"Of course. He was shot deliberately by someone, then?"

"Oh, yes," Lewis looked a little surprised that the question had even been asked. "I thought—you knew that?"

"I did really. Christian would not commit suicide, and he was such a competent person that it could not

possibly have been an accident. That only leaves"—she hesitated a moment—"murder."

She walked up behind the desk and stood looking down at the dead man, sorrow and affection in her face.

"Dear Christian," she said. "He was always good to me." She moved closer and softly touched the top of his head with her fingers. "Bless you and thank you, dear Christian," she said.

Lewis said with something more like emotion than Miss Marple had ever seen in him before, "I wish I could have spared you this, Caroline."

Gently shaking her head, Carrie Louise said, "You can't really spare anyone anything. Things always have to be faced sooner or later, and therefore it had better be sooner. I'll go and lie down now. I suppose you'll stay here, Lewis, until the police come?"

"Yes."

Carrie Louise turned away and Miss Marple slipped an arm round her . . .

Inspector Curry and his entourage found Miss Believer alone in the Great Hall when they arrived. She came forward efficiently.

"I am Juliet Believer, companion and secretary to Mrs. Serrocold."

"It was you who found the body and telephoned to us?"

"Yes. Most of the household are in the library—through that door there. Mr. Serrocold remained in Mr. Brandsen's room to see that nothing was disturbed. Dr. Maverick, who first examined the body, will be here very shortly. He had to take a cab over to the other wing. Shall I lead the way?"

"If you please."

"Competent woman," thought the Inspector to himself. He followed her along the corridor.

FOR the next twenty minutes the routine of police procedure was in motion. The photographer took the necessary pictures. The police surgeon arrived and was joined by Dr. Maverick. Half an hour later the ambulance had taken away the mortal remains of Christian Brandsen, and Inspector Curry started his interrogation.

Lewis Serrocold took him into the library, and he glanced keenly round the assembled people, making brief notes in his mind. An old lady with white hair, a middle-aged lady, the good-looking girl he'd seen driving her car round the countryside and her American husband, a couple of young men, and the capable Miss Believer.

"I am afraid this is all very upsetting to you," he said, "and I hope not to keep you too long this evening. We can go into things more thoroughly to-morrow. As Miss Believer found Mr. Brandsen dead, I'll ask her to give me an outline of the general situation. Mr. Serrocold, if you want to go up to your wife, please do, and when I have finished with Miss Believer I should like to talk to you. Perhaps there is some small room where—"

Lewis Serrocold said, "My office, Jolly?"

Miss Believer nodded and said, "I was just going to suggest it."

She led the way across the Great Hall, and Inspector Curry and his attendant sergeant followed her.

Miss Believer arranged them and herself suitably. It might have been she and not Inspector Curry who was in charge of the investigation.

The moment had come, however, when the initiative passed to him. Inspector Curry had a pleasant voice and manner. He looked quiet and

serious and just a little apologetic. Some people made the mistake of underrating him.

He cleared his throat.

"I've had the main facts from Mr. Serrocold. Mr. Christian Brandsen was the eldest son of the late Eric Brandsen, founder of the Brandsen Trust and Fellowship . . . and all the rest of it. He was one of the trustees of this place, and he arrived here unexpectedly yesterday. That is correct?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Serrocold was away in Liverpool. He returned this evening by the 6.30 train?"

"Yes."

"After dinner this evening Brandsen announced his intention of working in his own room and left the rest of the party here after coffee had been served. Correct?"

"Yes."

"Now, Miss Believer, please tell me in your own words how you came to discover him dead."

"There was a rather unpleasant incident this evening. A young man, a psychopathic case, became unbalanced and threatened Mr. Serrocold with a revolver. They were locked in this room. The young man eventually fired the revolver—you can see the bullet holes there. Fortunately, Mr. Serrocold was unhurt. After firing the shots, this young man went completely to pieces and Mr. Serrocold sent me to find Dr. Maverick."

"I got through on the house phone, but he wasn't in his room. I found him with one of his colleagues and gave him the message. On my way back I went to Mr. Brandsen's room to ask if there was anything he would like. I knocked, but there was no response, so I opened the door, and saw that he was dead."

"What entrances and exits are there to the house? And how are they secured? Could anyone have come in from outside without being heard or seen?"

"Anyone could have come in by the side door to the terrace. That is not locked until we all go to bed, as people come in and out that way to go to the college buildings."

"And you have, I believe, between two hundred and two hundred and fifty juvenile delinquents in the college?"

"Yes. But the college buildings are well secured and patrolled. I should say it was most unlikely that anyone could leave the college unaccompanied."

"We shall have to check up on that, of course. Had Mr. Brandsen given any cause for, shall we say, rancor? Any unpopular decisions as to policy?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Brandsen had nothing to do with the running of the college."

"What was the purpose of his visit?"

"I have no idea."

"But he was annoyed to find Mr. Serrocold absent, and immediately decided to wait until he returned?"

"Yes."

"So his business here was definitely with Mr. Serrocold?"

"Yes. But it would be—because it would be almost certainly business to do with the institute."

"Yes, presumably that is so. Did he have a conference with Mr. Serrocold?"

"No. There was no time. Mr. Serrocold only arrived just before dinner this evening."

"But after dinner Mr. Brandsen said he had important letters to write and went away to do so. He didn't suggest a session with Mr. Serrocold?"

Miss Believer hesitated. "No, No, he didn't."

"Surely that was rather odd—if he had waited on at inconvenience to himself to see Mr. Serrocold?"

"Yes, it was odd." The address of it seemed to strike Miss Believer for the first time.

"Mr. Serrocold did not accompany him to his room?"

"No. Mr. Serrocold remained in the hall."

"And you have no idea at what time Mr. Brandsen was killed?"

"I think it is possible that we heard the shot. If so, it was at twenty-three minutes past nine."

"You heard a shot? And it did not alarm you?"

"The circumstances were peculiar." She explained in more detail the scene between Lewis Serrocold and Edgar Lawson.

"So it occurred to no one that the shot might actually have come from within the house?"

"No, I certainly don't think so. We were all so relieved, you know, that the shot didn't come from in here." She added grimly, "You don't expect murder and attempted murder in the same house on the same night."

Inspector Curry nodded.

"All the same," said Miss Believer suddenly, "you know, I believe that's what made me go along to Mr. Brandsen's room later. I did mean to ask him if he would like anything, but it was a kind of excuse to reassure myself that everything was all right."

Inspector Curry stared at her for a moment. "What made you think it mightn't be all right?"

"I don't know. I think it was the shot outside. It hadn't meant anything at the time. But afterwards it came back into my mind. I told myself that it was only a backfire from Mr. Restarick's car."

"Mr. Restarick's car?"

"Yes. Alex Restarick. He arrived by car this evening—he arrived just after all this happened."

"I see. When you discovered Mr. Brandsen's body, did you touch anything in the room?"

"Of course not," Miss Believer sounded reproachful.

"And just now, when you took us into the room, everything was exactly as it had been when you found the body?"

Miss Believer considered. She sat back, screwing up her eyes. She had, Inspector Curry thought, one of those photographic memories.

"One thing was different," she said. "There was nothing in the typewriter."

"You mean," said Inspector Curry, "that when you first went in Mr. Brandsen had been writing a letter on the typewriter and that the letter had since been removed?"

"Yes. I'm almost sure that I saw the white edge of the paper sticking up."

"Thank you, Miss Believer. Who else went into that room before we arrived?"

"Mr. Serrocold, of course. He remained there when I came to meet you. And Mrs. Serrocold and Miss Marple went there. Mrs. Serrocold insisted."

"Well, thank you, Miss Believer. All that you have told us is quite clear. I'll go into things with Mr. Serrocold now. Ah, but perhaps—Miss Marple's an old lady, isn't she? I'll just have a word with her first and then she can go off to bed."

"I'll tell her, shall I?"

"If you please."

Miss Believer went out. Inspector Curry looked at the ceiling.

"Brandsen?" he said. "Why Brandsen? Two hundred-odd maladjusted youngsters are on the premises. No

Instalment three of a six-part serial by AGATHA CHRISTIE

reason any of them shouldn't have done it. Probably one of them did. But why Brandson? The stranger within the gates."

Sergeant Lake said, "Of course, we don't know everything yet."

Inspector Curry said, "So far, we don't know anything at all."

He jumped up and was gallant when Miss Marple came in. She seemed a little flustered and he hurried to put her at her ease.

"Now don't upset yourself, ma'am." The old ones like ma'am, he thought. To them, police officers were definitely of the lower classes and should show respect to their betters. "This is all very distressing, I know. But we've just got to get the facts clear."

"Oh, yes, I know," said Miss Marple. "So difficult, isn't it? To be clear about anything, I mean. One so often looks at the wrong thing, though whether because one happens to do so or because one is meant to it's hard to say. Misdirection, the conjurers call it. So clever, aren't they? And I never have known how they manage with a bowl of goldfish—because really that cannot fold up small, can it?"

Inspector Curry blinked a little and said soothingly, "Quite so. Now, ma'am, I've had an account of this evening's events from Miss Believer. A most anxious time for all of you, I'm sure."

"Yes, indeed. It was all so dramatic, you know."

"First this to-do between Mr. Serrocold and—he looked down at a note he had made—"this Edgar Lawton."

"A very odd young man," said Miss Marple. "I have felt all along that there was something wrong about him."

"I'm sure you have," said Inspector Curry. "And then, after that excitement was over, there came Mr. Brandson's death. I understand that you went with Mrs. Serrocold to see the—er—the body."

"Yes, I did. She asked me to come with her. We are very old friends."

"Quite so. And you went along to Mr. Brandson's room. Did you touch anything while you were in the room, either of you?"

"Oh, no. Mr. Serrocold warned us not to."

For a few moments the inspector appeared to be digesting the information. Then he asked, "Did you happen to notice, ma'am, whether there was a letter or a piece of paper, say, in the typewriter?"

"There wasn't," said Miss Marple promptly. "I noticed at once, because it seemed to me odd. Mr. Brandson was sitting there at the typewriter, so he must have been typing something."

Inspector Curry looked at her sharply. He said, "Did you have much conversation with Mr. Brandson while he was here?"

"Very little."

"There is nothing special—or significant—that you can remember?"

Miss Marple considered. "He asked me about Mrs. Serrocold's health. In particular, about her heart."

"Her heart? Is there something wrong with her heart?"

"Nothing whatever, I understand."

Inspector Curry was silent for a moment or two, then he said: "You heard a shot this evening during the quarrel between Mr. Serrocold and Edgar Lawton?"

"I didn't actually hear it myself. I am a little deaf. But Mrs. Serrocold mentioned it as being outside in the park."

"Mr. Brandson left the party immediately after dinner, I understand?"

"Yes. He said he had letters to write."

"He didn't show any wish for a business conference with Mr. Serrocold?"

"No," Miss Marple added. "You see, they'd already had one little talk."

"They had? When? I understood

that Mr. Serrocold returned home only just before dinner."

"That's quite correct, but he walked up through the park, and Mr. Brandson went out to meet him and they walked up and down the terrace together."

"Who else knows this?"

"I shouldn't think anybody else," said Miss Marple. "Unless, of course, Mr. Serrocold told Mrs. Serrocold. I just happened to be looking out of my window—at some birds."

"You didn't," the Inspector said delicately, "happen to—er—overhear anything of what they said?"

"Innocent china-blue eyes met his. 'Only fragments, I'm afraid,' said Miss Marple gently."

"And those fragments?"

LIKE a child reciting a lesson, Miss Marple said, "They seemed anxious to keep something from the knowledge of Mrs. Serrocold."

To spare her—that was how Mr. Brandson put it—and Mr. Serrocold said, 'I agree that it is she who must be considered.' They also mentioned a 'big responsibility' and that they should, perhaps, 'take outside advice'."

She paused. "I think, you know, you had better ask Mr. Serrocold himself about all this."

"We shall do so, ma'am. Now there is nothing else that struck you as unusual this evening?"

"It was all so unusual, if you know what I mean—"

"Quite so. Quite so." Something flickered into Miss Marple's memory.

"There was one rather unusual incident. Mr. Serrocold stopped Mrs. Serrocold from taking her medicine. Miss Believer was quite put out about it. But that, of course, is such a little thing—"

"Yes, of course. Well, thank you, Miss Marple."

As Miss Marple went out of the

room, Sergeant Lake said, "She's old, but she's sharp."

Lewis Serrocold came into the office and immediately the whole focus of the room shifted. He sat down, not in the chair Miss Marple had just vacated but in his own chair behind the desk.

His face looked drawn and tired, the face of a man who was passing through a severe ordeal. It surprised Inspector Curry because, though Christian Brandson's death must have been a shock to Lewis Serrocold, Brandson had not been a close friend or a relative, only a rather remote connection by marriage.

In an odd way, the tables seemed to have been turned. It did not seem as though Lewis Serrocold had come into the room to answer police questioning. It seemed rather that he had arrived to preside over a court of inquiry. It irritated Inspector Curry a little.

He said briskly, "Now, Mr. Serrocold—"

Lewis Serrocold still seemed lost in thought. He said with a sigh, "How difficult it is to know the right thing to do."

"I think we will be the judges as to that, Mr. Serrocold," said the inspector. "Now about Mr. Brandson? He arrived unexpectedly, I understand?"

"Quite unexpectedly."

"You did not know he was coming?"

"I had not the least idea of it."

"And you have no idea of why he came?"

Lewis Serrocold said quietly, "Oh, yes, I know why he came. He told me."

"When?"

"I walked up from the station. He was watching from the house and came out to meet me. It was then that he explained what had brought him here."

"Business connected with the Brandson Institute, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, it was nothing to do with the Brandson Institute."

"Miss Believer seemed to think it was."

"Naturally. That would be the assumption. Brandson did nothing to correct that impression. Neither did I."

"Why, Mr. Serrocold?"

Lewis Serrocold said slowly: "Because it seemed to both of us important that no hint should arise as to the real purpose of his visit."

"What was that real purpose?"

Lewis Serrocold was silent for a minute or two. He sighed.

"Brandson came over here regularly twice a year for meetings of the trustees. The last meeting was only a

month ago. Consequently he was not due to come over again for another five months. I think, therefore, that anyone might realise that the business that brought him must be urgent, would be a trust matter. Brandson did nothing to contradict that impression—or thought he didn't. Yes, perhaps that is nearer the truth—he thought he didn't."

"I'm afraid, Mr. Serrocold, that I don't follow you."

Lewis Serrocold said gravely, "I fully realise that with Brandson's death—I must put all the facts before you. But, frankly, I am concerned for my wife's happiness and peace of mind. It is not for me to dictate to you, Inspector, but if you can see your way to keep certain things from her I shall be grateful."

He paused, then added, "You see, Inspector Curry, Christian Brandson came here to tell me that he believed my wife was being slowly and cold-bloodedly poisoned."

"What?" Curry leaned forward incredulously.

Serrocold nodded.

"Yes, it was, as you can imagine, a tremendous shock to me. I had had no suspicion of such a thing, but as soon as Christian told me I realised that certain symptoms my wife had complained of lately were quite compatible with that belief. What she took to be rheumatism, leg cramps, pain, and occasional sickness—all that fits in with the symptoms of arsenical poisoning."

"Miss Marple told us that Christian Brandson asked her about the condition of Mrs. Serrocold's heart."

"Did he now? That is interesting. I suppose he thought that a heart poison would be used since it paved the way to a sudden death without undue suspicion. But I think myself that arsenic is more likely."

"You definitely think, then, that Christian Brandson's suspicions were well founded?"

"Oh, yes, I think so. For one thing, Brandson would hardly come to me with such a suggestion unless he was fairly sure of his facts. He was a cautious and hard-headed man, difficult to convince, but very shrewd."

"What was his evidence?"

"We had no time to go into that. Our interview was a hurried one. It served only the purpose of explaining his visit, and a mutual agreement that nothing whatever should be said to my wife about the matter until we were sure of our facts."

"And whom did he suspect of administering poison?"

Please turn to page 30

Illustrated by LASKIE



"Dear Christian. He was always so good to me," Carrie Louise said, gazing down at him in sorrow and affection.

SO CRISP

THEY SING

OUT LOUD!

SNAP!

POP!

CRACKLE!

CHOCKFUL OF NOURISHMENT

FLAVOUR! NOURISHMENT! ENERGY! — IN EVERY PLATEFUL

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They Do It With Mirrors

Continued from page 29

LEWIS SERRO-COLD shook his head. "Brandensen didn't say whom he suspected. Actually I don't think he knew. He may have suspected. I think now that he probably did suspect—otherwise why should he be killed?"

"But he mentioned no name to you?"

"He mentioned no name. We agreed that we must investigate the matter thoroughly, and he suggested inviting the advice and co-operation of Dr. Galbraith, the Bishop of Cronier."

He went on to explain: "Dr. Galbraith is a very old friend of the Brandensens and is one of the trustees of the Institute. He is a man of great wisdom and experience and would be of great help and comfort to my wife if—it was necessary to tell her of our suspicions. We meant to rely on his advice as to whether or not to consult the police."

"Quite extraordinary," said Curry.

"Brandensen left us after dinner to write to Dr. Galbraith. He was actually in the act of typing a letter to him when he was shot."

"How do you know?"

Lewis said calmly: "Because I took the letter out of the typewriter. I have it here."

From his breast pocket he drew out a folded typewritten sheet of paper and handed it to Curry.

The inspector said sharply, "You shouldn't have taken this or touched anything in the room."

"I touched nothing else. I know that I committed an unpardonable offence in your eyes in moving this, but I had a very strong reason. I felt certain that my wife would insist on coming into the room, and I was afraid that she might read what is written here. I admit myself in the wrong, but I would do anything—anything—to save my wife unhappiness."

Inspector Curry said no more for the moment. He read this typewritten sheet.

"Dear Dr. Galbraith: If it is at all possible, I beg that you will come to Stonygates as soon as you receive this. A crisis of extraordinary gravity has arisen and I am at a loss how to deal with it. I know how deep your affection is for our dear Carrie Louise and how grave your concern will be for anything that affects her."

"How much has she got to know? How much can we keep from her? Those are the questions that I find so difficult to answer."

"Not to beat about the bush, I have reason to believe that that sweet and innocent lady is being slowly poisoned. I first suspected this when—"

Here the letter broke off abruptly.

Curry said, "And when he had reached this point Christian Brandensen was shot?"

"Yes."

"But why on earth was this letter left in the typewriter?"

"I can conceive of only two reasons—one, that the murderer had no idea to whom Brandensen was writing and what was the subject of the letter. Two, he may not have had time. He may have heard someone coming and only just had time to escape unobserved."

"And Brandensen gave you no hint as to whom he suspected—if he did suspect anyone?"

There was, perhaps, a very slight pause before Lewis answered, "None whatever." He added, rather obscurely, "Christian was a very fair man."

"How do you think this poison—arsenic or whatever it may be—was or is being administered?"

"I thought over that while I was changing for dinner, and it seemed to me that the most likely vehicle was some medicine, a tonic, that my wife was taking. As regards food, we all partook of the same dishes."

"We must take the medicine and have it analysed."

Lewis said quietly, "I already have a sample of it. I took it this evening before dinner."

From a drawer in the desk he took out a small corked bottle with a red fluid in it.

Inspector Curry said with a curious glance, "You think of everything, Mr. Serrocold."

"I believe in acting promptly. To-night I stopped my wife from taking her usual dose. It is still in a glass on the oak dresser in the hall—the bottle of tonic itself is in the drawing-room."

Curry leaned forward across the desk. He lowered his voice and spoke confidentially and without officialdom.

"You'll excuse me, Mr. Serrocold, but just why are you so anxious to keep this from your wife? Are you afraid she'd panic? Surely, for her own sake, it would be as well if she were warned."

"Yes—yes, that may well be so. But my wife, Inspector, is an idealist, a completely trustful person. It would be inconceivable to her that anyone could wish to kill her. And we have to go farther than that. It is not just 'anyone.' It is a case—surely you see that—of someone possibly very near and dear to her..."

"So that's what you think?"

AGAIN there was a slight pause, and when Lewis spoke again there was genuine regret in his voice. "We have to face facts. Close at hand we have a couple of hundred warped and stunted personalities who have expressed themselves often enough by crude and senseless violence. But by the very nature of things, none of them can be suspect in this case. A slow poisoner is someone living in the intimacy of family life."

He went on gravely, "Well, consider the people here in this house: her husband, her daughter, her granddaughter, her granddaughter's husband, her stepson whom she regards as her own son, Miss Bel-lever, her devoted companion and friend of many years. All very near and dear to her—and yet the suspicion must arise—is it one of them?"

Curry said slowly, "There are outsiders—"

"Yes, in a sense. There is Dr. Maverick, one or two of the staff are often with us, there are the servants—but, frankly, what motive could they have?"

"There's young—what is his name again—Edgar Lawson."

"Yes. But he has been down here only as a casual visitor just lately. He has no possible motive."

"But he's unbalanced. What about this attack on you to-night?"

Serrocold waived it aside impatiently. "Sheer childishness. He had no intention of harming me."

"Not with these two bullet holes in the wall? He shot at you, didn't he?"

"He didn't mean to hit me. It was play-acting, no more."

"Rather a dangerous form of play-acting, Mr. Serrocold."

"You don't understand. You must talk to our psychiatrist, Dr. Maverick. Edgar is an illegitimate child. He has consoled himself for his lack of a father and a humble origin by pretending to himself that he is the son of a celebrated man. It's a well-known phenomenon, I assure you."

He went on, speaking positively: "He was improving, improving very much. Then, for some reason, he had a set-back. He identified me as his 'father' and made a melodramatic attack, waving a revolver and uttering threats. I was not in the least alarmed. When he

had actually fired the revolver he broke down and sobbed, and Dr. Maverick took him away and gave him a sedative. He'll probably be quite normal tomorrow morning."

"You don't wish to bring a charge against him?"

"That would be the worst thing possible—for him, I mean."

"Frankly, Mr. Serrocold, it seems to me he ought to be under restraint. People who go about firing off revolvers to bolster up their egos—One has to think of the community, you know."

"Talk to Dr. Maverick on the subject," urged Lewis. "He'll give you the professional point of view. In any case," he added, "poor Edgar certainly did not shoot Brandensen. He was in here threatening to shoot me."

"That's the point I was coming to, Mr. Serrocold. We've covered the outside. Anyone, it seems, could have come in from outside and shot Mr. Brandensen, since the terrace door was unlocked. But there is a narrow field inside the house, and, in view of what you have been telling me, it seems to me that very close attention must be paid to that."

"It seems possible that, with the exception of old Miss—yes, Marple, who happened to be looking out of her bedroom window, no one was aware that you and Christian Brandensen had already had a private interview. If so, Brandensen may have been shot to prevent him communicating his suspicions to you. Of course, it is too early to say as yet what other motives may exist. Mr. Brandensen was a wealthy man, I presume?"

"Yes, he was a very wealthy man. He has sons and daughters and grandchildren—all of whom will probably benefit by his death. But I do not think that any of his family are in this country, and they are all solid and respectable people."

"Had he any enemies?"

"I should think it most unlikely. He was—really, he was not that type of man."

"So it boils down, doesn't it, to this house and the people in it? Who from inside the house could have killed him?"

Lewis Serrocold said slowly, "That is difficult for me to say. There are the servants and the members of my household and our guest. They are, from your point of view, all possibilities, I suppose. I can only tell you that, as far as I know, everyone except the servants was in the great hall when Christian left it, and while I was there nobody left it."

"Nobody at all?"

"I think—Lewis frowned in an effort of remembrance—"oh, yes. Some of the lights faded—Walter Hudd went to see to it."

"And you can't give me anything nearer than that, Mr. Serrocold?"

"No, I'm afraid I can't."

Inspector Curry sighed. He said: "You can tell the party that they can all go to bed. I'll talk to them to-morrow."

When Serrocold had left the room, Inspector Curry said to Lake, "Well, what do you think?"

"Knows, or thinks he knows, who did it," said Lake.

"Yes. I agree with you. And he doesn't like it a bit."

Gina greeted Miss Marple with a rush as the latter came down to breakfast the next morning.

"The police are here again," she said. "They're in the library this time. Wally is absolutely fascinated by them. He can't understand their being so quiet and remote. I think he's really quite thrilled by the whole thing. I'm not. I hate it. I think it's horrible. Why do you think I'm so upset? Because I'm half Italian!"

Please turn to page 31

SMILING slightly, Miss Marple said, "Very possibly that is so. At least perhaps it explains why you don't mind showing what you feel."

"Jolly's frightfully cross," said Gina, hanging on Miss Marple's arm and propelling her into the dining-room. "I think really because the police are in charge and she can't exactly 'run' them like she runs everybody else."

"Alex and Stephen," continued Gina severely, as they came into the dining-room where the two brothers were finishing their breakfast, "just don't care."

"Gina, dearest," said Alex, "you are most unkind. Good morning, Miss Marple. I care immensely. Except for the fact that I hardly knew your Uncle Christian, I'm far and away the best suspect. You do realise that, I hope."

"Why?"

"Well, I was driving up to the house at about the right time, it seems. And they've been checking up on times, and it seems that I took too much time between the lodge and the house—time enough, the implication is, to leave the car, run round the house, go in through the side door, shoot Christian, and rush out and back to the car again."

"And what were you really doing?"

"Like an idiot, I stood for several minutes taking in the fog effect in the headlights and thinking what I'd use to get that effect on a stage. For my new 'limelight' bullet."

"But you can tell them that!"

"Naturally. But you know what policemen are like. They say, 'Thank you,' very civilly and write it all down, and you've no idea what they are thinking except that one does feel they have rather sceptical minds."

Miss Believer looked in at the door and said, "Miss Marple, when you have finished your breakfast, will you go to the library?"

"You again," said Gina. "Before any of us." She seemed a little injured.

They Do It With Mirrors

Continued from page 30

"Hi, what was that?" asked Alex.

"Didn't hear anything," said Stephen.

"It was a pistol shot."

"They've been firing shots in the room where Uncle Christian was killed," said Gina. "I don't know why. And outside, too."

The door opened again and Mildred Stretre came in. She was wearing black with some onyx beads. She murmured good-morning without looking at anyone and sat down.

In a hushed voice she said: "Some tea, please, Gina. Nothing much to eat—just some toast."

She touched her nose and eyes delicately with the handkerchief she held in one hand. Then she raised her eyes and looked in an unseeing way at the two brothers. Stephen and Alex became uncomfortable. Their voices dropped to almost a whisper, and presently they got up and left.

Mildred Stretre said, whether to the universe or Miss Marple was not quite certain, "Not even a black tie!"

"I don't suppose," said Miss Marple apologetically, "that they knew beforehand that a murder was going to happen."

Gina made a smothered sound and Mildred Stretre looked sharply at her. "Where's Walter this morning?" she asked.

Gina flushed. "I don't know. I haven't seen him."

She sat there uneasily like a guilty child.

Miss Marple got up. "I'll go to the library now," she said. Lewis Serrocold was alone in the library when she went in. He came forward to meet her.

"I hope," he said, "that you are not feeling the worse for the shock. To be at close quarters with what is undoubtedly murder must be a great strain on anyone who has not come in contact with such a thing before."

Modesty forbade Miss Marple to reply that she was, by now, quite at home with murder. She merely said that life in

St. Mary Mead was not quite so sheltered as people believed. "Very nasty things go on in a village, I assure you," she said. "One has an opportunity of studying things there that one would never have in a town."

Lewis Serrocold listened indulgently, but with only half an ear. He said very simply, "I want your help."

"But of course, Mr. Serrocold."

"It is a matter that affects my wife—affects Caroline. I think that you are really attached to her?"

"Yes, indeed. Everyone is."

"That is what I believed. It seems that I am wrong. With the permission of Inspector Curry, I am going to tell you something that no one else as yet knows. Or perhaps I should say what only one person knows."

Briefly, he told her what he had told Inspector Curry the night before. Miss Marple looked horrified.

"I can't believe it, Mr. Serrocold. I should have said that Carrie Louise had not an enemy in the world."

"It seems incredible that she should have. But you see the implication? Poisoning—slow poisoning—is an intimate family matter. It must be one of our household—"

"If it is true. Are you sure that Mr. Branden was not mistaken?"

LEWIS said positively, "Christian was not mistaken. He is too cautious a man to make such a statement without foundation. Besides, the police took away Caroline's medicine bottle and a separate sample of its contents. There was arsenic in both of them, and arsenic was not prescribed."

"Then her rheumatism—the difficulty in walking—all that—"

"Yes, leg cramps are typical, I understand. Also, before you came, Caroline had had one or two severe attacks of a gastric nature—I never dreamed until Christian came—"

He broke off. Miss Marple said softly: "So Ruth was right?"

"Ruth?" Lewis Serrocold sounded surprised.

"There is something I have not told you. My coming here was not entirely fortuitous. If you will let me explain—I'm afraid I tell things so badly. Please have patience."

Lewis Serrocold listened while Miss Marple told him of Ruth's unease and urgency.

"Extraordinary," he commented. "I had no idea of this."

"It was all so vague," said Miss Marple.

Lewis Serrocold said grimly, "Well, it seems that she was right. Now, Miss Marple, you see how I am placed. Am I to tell Carrie Louise of this?"

Miss Marple said quickly, "Oh, no," in a distressed voice, and then flushed and stared doubtfully at Lewis. He nodded.

"So you feel as I do? As Christian Branden did. But you do see, Miss Marple, that there is a risk in saying nothing—"

"And so you want me to—how shall I put it?—watch over her?"

"You see, you are the only person whom I can trust," said Lewis Serrocold simply.

"It is a very mercenary question," said Miss Marple apologetically. "But who exactly would benefit if dear Carrie Louise were to die?"

"Money!" said Lewis bitterly. "It always boils down to money, does it?"

"Well, I really think it must in this case. Because Carrie Louise, one feels sure, simply couldn't have an enemy. So then it does boil down, as you put it, to a question of money, because as you don't need me to

tell you, Mr. Serrocold, people will quite often do anything for money."

"I suppose so, yes."

He went on: "Naturally Inspector Curry has already taken up that point. Mr. Gilfoy is coming down from London to-day and can give detailed information. Gilfoy, Gilfoy, Jaimes, and Gilfoy are a very eminent firm of lawyers. This Gilfoy's father was one of the original trustees, and they drew up both Caroline's will and the original will of Eric Branden. I will put it in simple terms for you—"

"Thank you," said Miss Marple gratefully. "So mystifying, the law, I always think."

"Eric Branden, after endowment of the college and his various fellowships and trusts and other charitable bequests, and having settled an equal sum on his daughter, Mildred, and his adopted daughter, Pippa, Gina's mother, left the remainder of his vast fortune in trust, the income from it to be paid to Caroline for her lifetime."

"And after her death?"

"After her death it was to be divided equally between Mildred and Pippa—or their children if they themselves had predeceased Caroline."

"So that, in fact, it goes to Mrs. Stretre and to Gina."

"Yes. Caroline has also quite a considerable fortune of her own—though not in the Branden class. Half of this she made over to me four years ago. Of the remaining amount, she left ten thousand pounds to Juliet Believer and the rest equally divided between Alex and Stephen Restarick, her two stepsons."

"Oh, dear," said Miss Marple. "That's bad. That's very bad."

"You mean?"

"It means everyone in the house had a financial motive."

"Yes. And yet, you know, I can't believe that any of these people would do murder. I simply can't."

"There's Gina's husband to be considered, isn't there?"

"Yes," said Lewis gravely. "There is Gina's husband."

"You don't really know much about him. And one can't help seeing that he's a very unhappy young man."

"He hasn't fitted in here—no. He's no interest in or sympathy for what we're trying to do. But, after all, why should he? He's young, crude, and he comes from a country where a man is esteemed by the success he makes of life."

"While here we are so very fond of failures," said Miss Marple.

Lewis Serrocold looked at her sharply and suspiciously.

She flushed a little and said quickly, "What I mean is that everything here must seem rather peculiar to young Walter Hudd."

"Yes," Lewis allowed. "I see your point. But I would hardly say that Walter Hudd had a motive for murder."

"Wouldn't you?" said Miss Marple. "He hates it here. He wants to get away. He wants to get Gina away. And if it's really money he wants, it would be important for Gina to get all the money before she—"

"—definitely forms an attachment to someone else."

"An attachment to someone else?" said Lewis in an astonished voice.

"That's what I said. Both the Restaricks are in love with her, you know."

"Oh, I don't think so," said Lewis absently.

He went on: "Stephen's invaluable to us—quite invaluable. The way he's got those lads coming along—keen—interested. They gave a splendid show last month. Scenery, costumes, everything. It just shows, as I've always said to Maverick, that it's lack of drama in their lives that leads these boys to crime. To dramatise

yourself is a child's natural instinct. Maverick says—ah, yes, Maverick—"

Lewis broke off. He changed his subject abruptly. "I want Maverick to see Inspector Curry about Edgar. The whole thing is so ridiculous really."

"What do you really know about Edgar Lawson, Mr. Serrocold?"

"Everything," said Lewis positively. "Everything, that is, that one needs to know. His background, upbringing—"

Miss Marple interrupted. "Couldn't Edgar Lawson have poisoned Mrs. Serrocold?"

"Hardly. He's been here only a few weeks. And, anyway, it's ridiculous! Why should Edgar want to poison my wife? What could he gain by doing so?"

"Nothing material, I know. But he might have—some odd reason. He is odd, you know."

"Yes," Lewis gave a sigh. "He's all wrong, poor lad. And he was showing such marked improvement. I can't really understand why he had this sudden set-back..."

Miss Marple leaned forward eagerly.

"Yes, that's what I wondered. If—"

She broke off as Inspector Curry came into the room.

To be continued

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SPECIAL FEATURE

Summer Sweets

• These light, colorful sweets, so pretty to look at and easy to eat, are specially planned to pander to summer appetites.

IT'S time to put away your recipes for iced puddings and to start concocting light, airy confections which are weather-conscious, simple to make, and refreshing to eat.

Ice-cream is a great standby for summer sweets.

It pairs well with fruit, cake, meringue, light sweet pastry, wafer biscuits, macaroons, nuts, and fruit or caramel or chocolate sauce.

All the sweets in the tempting array illustrated on this page are based on ice-cream.

All spoon measurements are level.

HOME-MADE ICE-CREAM

One pint fresh milk, 1 cup dry powdered milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 tablespoon butter, flavoring.

Beat powdered milk and sugar into fresh milk warmed to blood heat. Add dissolved gelatine and melted butter and beat with a rotary beater for 5 minutes. Pour into refrigerator trays, freeze until just firm. Return to basin, add flavoring, and beat again for 3 or 4 minutes. Pour back into trays, freeze until firm.

Flavorings: One teaspoon vanilla, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 or 2 oz. melted chocolate, 1 to 2 teaspoons coffee essence, 1 cup crushed strawberries.

ECONOMICAL ICE-CREAM WITH CREAM

Three-quarters pint fresh milk, 6 tablespoons dry powdered milk, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 2 teaspoons gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 pint cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Warm the milk, add the powdered milk and condensed milk and beat until thoroughly mixed. Add dissolved gelatine and beat 5 minutes. Turn into refrigerator trays, freeze until just firm. Return to basin, beat until smooth, fold in lightly whipped cream and vanilla. Return to trays, freeze until firm.

BANANA CREAM FLIP

Two cups milk, 1 cup cream, 3 bananas, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 dessertspoon icing-sugar, nutmeg, ice-cream, whipped cream, chopped nuts.

Mash bananas thoroughly with a fork, add lemon rind, vanilla, and icing-sugar. Using a rotary beater, whip banana mixture into the milk. When well mixed, fold in the 1 cup cream. Serve in tall glass, topped with nutmeg, whipped cream, chopped nuts, and a scoop of ice-cream. Sufficient for 3 or 4.

FRUIT MERINGUE GLACE

Two egg-whites, 6 tablespoons crystal sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, stewed fruit, well drained free of syrup (or fresh fruit sliced and sprinkled with sugar, or fruit salad), ice-cream, caramel sauce, or caramel topping (the type used for ice-cream topping or for flavoring milk drinks).

Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt. Gradually add sugar, beat until sugar is dissolved and mixture holds its shape. Flavor with vanilla, color if desired. Pipe or spoon into rounds on greased tray, hollow centres. Bake in very slow oven until thoroughly dried out and crisp. Just before serving fill centre with fruit or fruit salad, top with a scoop of ice-cream, pour caramel sauce over.

Continued on page 34

ICE-CREAM DESSERTS illustrated are, from left to right, banana cream flip, fruit meringue glace, Hawaiian ice-cream dessert, cherry marshmallows with ice-cream, blackberry tart, fig and ginger sundae, ice-cream-stuffed peaches with toasted almonds.



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ORANGE MARSHMALLOW CUPS filled with orange pulp, marshmallows, walnuts, and coconut are ideal for summer sweets. Cream or ice-cream may be added.

Flavored with fruit...

Take advantage of seasonal fruits to make cool, refreshing sweets for summer dinners.

THE first hot days have a way of making the homemaker realise that it is time to reduce cooking as much as possible.

Make good use of the early morning hours to prepare sweets for dinner later in the day.

The recipes suggested here are quick and easy to prepare. All spoon measurements are level.

ORANGE MARSHMALLOW CUPS

Four large oranges, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. marshmallows, chopped walnuts, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, shredded or desiccated coconut.

Cut a thick slice from the top of each orange, use these pieces to obtain the grated orange rind. Scoop centres from oranges, using a grapefruit knife or small sharp-pointed knife. Chop into pieces, place in bowl with chopped marshmallows, walnuts, and orange rind. Mix well, pile back into orange cases, sprinkle with coconut. Place under grill and toast lightly until coconut is browned, about 1 minute. Serve immediately.

NORWEGIAN CREAM

One large tin pineapple slices, syrup or juice from tin, gelatine, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, cherries to decorate.

Drain pineapple free of syrup, cut slices into four and arrange in serving dish, reserving a few pieces to decorate. Measure the pineapple syrup or juice and allow 1 teaspoon gelatine for each $\frac{1}{2}$ pint. Heat syrup and gelatine gently until gelatine dissolves. Stir into egg-yolks beaten with vanilla and sugar, then fold into egg-whites stiffly beaten with the salt. Pour over pineapple in the dish. Chill $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour. Decorate with pineapple wedges and cherries.

ANGEL'S FOOD WITH PRUNES

One pint milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, 3 tablespoons hot water, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon each vanilla and lemon rind.

Prune Mixture: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. dessert prunes, 2oz. seeded raisins, small piece stick cinnamon, 1 tablespoon sugar, 3 tablespoons water, 2 tablespoons claret (or water), piece lemon rind.

Heat milk and sugar, pour on to beaten egg-yolks. Stir over gentle heat until mixture thickens slightly. Allow to become cold, stir in gelatine dissolved in hot water. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white and flavorings, pour into wetted recess tin. Chill until firm. Unmould on to serving platter, fill recess with prune mixture.

Prune Mixture: Stone prunes and place in saucepan with all other ingredients, simmer very gently until tender. Leave until cold, remove cinnamon and lemon rind.

Summer Sweets from page 33

HAWAIIAN ICE-CREAM. DESSERT

For each serving allow 3 or 4 tablespoons finely diced pineapple or papaw (if the latter is used drench it with lemon juice and sugar and allow to stand 1 hour), 1 scoop of ice-cream, coarse shredded coconut, wafer biscuits, fruit-flavored syrup if desired.

Place fruit in bottom of individual serving dishes. Top with ice-cream and shredded coconut. Decorate with wafer biscuits and fruit syrup.

CHERRY MARSHMALLOW WITH ICE-CREAM

Two cups sugar, 2 cups water, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup stewed cherries, cut up and stones removed, ice-cream, whole cherries to decorate.

Place sugar, water, gelatine, and cream of tartar into a saucepan. Bring slowly to boiling point and boil steadily 10 minutes. Pour into a large basin, add lemon juice, and allow to cool. Beat until white and very thick, fold in cherries. Turn into wetted mould, chill until set. Unmould and serve with ice-cream and whole cherries.

BLACKBERRY TARTS WITH ICE-CREAM

Six ounces biscuit pastry, stewed blackberries, ice-cream. Roll biscuit pastry thinly,

cut into rounds, and press over the outside of separate deep muffin-tins (small size). Heat pastry to fit tin, bake upside down on oven tray in hot oven. Cool slightly before slipping carefully off tins. Fill with blackberries, thickening the syrup slightly with blended arrowroot. Loganberries, boysenberries, cherries, or mulberries may be used when blackberries are not in season. Serve with scoops of ice-cream.

FIG AND GINGER SUNDAE

Quantity home-made ice-cream, 3 tablespoons finely chopped ginger in syrup, preserved figs, ginger syrup, small ginger biscuits.

When ice-cream is beaten for the second time, fold in ginger and about the same quantity of chopped preserved figs. Fill back into refrigerator trays, freeze until firm. Spoon into sweet-dishes for serving, top each with a crushed preserved fig, arrange small ginger biscuits around edge, spoon ginger syrup over.

STUFFED PEACHES

Small preserved peach halves, ice-cream, toasted almonds.

Join 2 peach halves, drained free of syrup, with a large scoop of ice-cream. Stick with toasted almonds, decorate with peach leaves or mint.

Summer Sweets (Continued)

Custard...

PLAIN OR FANCY

• Smooth, sweet custard may be used in scores of ways to provide plain or elaborate sweets.

FRESH eggs, milk, sugar, and flavoring are the basic ingredients used for each of the desserts illustrated on this page. It's the way they are cooked that makes the difference.

For the luscious strawberry floating island the custard is stirred while it cooks, making a smooth pudding to top with feather-light poached meringues and strawberries. For good measure chopped strawberries may be folded into the custard.

Custard mixture baked in cups is a delicious base for a rich caramel sauce. Baked in a crisp pie-shell with a dusting of nutmeg on top, it is a satisfying dessert which never loses its popularity.

Custard can be tricky, so take care that ingredients are combined in their right proportions and that the custard is not allowed to boil.

All spoon measurements are level.

STANDARD CUSTARD PROPORTIONS

Two eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 2 tablespoons or 3 dessertspoons sugar, (according to taste), flavoring.

Baked Custard: Beat eggs well, add milk and sugar and beat until well mixed. Add flavoring. Pour into greased dish, sprinkle with nutmeg. Stand in a dish of warm water, bake in moderate oven until set, 45 to 50 minutes.

Steamed Custard: Prepare as for baked custard and steam gently until just set. May be done in individual cups; allow about 10 minutes cooking time for cup custards.

Stirred Custard: This is sometimes called boiled custard, which is not correct because it should not be allowed to boil. Prepare as for baked custard, cook very slowly in a double saucepan or in a jug standing in a saucepan of boiling water. Stir with wooden spoon, cook until mixture is thick enough to coat a silver spoon.

For economical stirred custard, blend 2 teaspoons cornflour with the milk, stir until boiling, then allow to cool. Add the sugar, flavoring, and 1 beaten egg instead of 2, then proceed as above.

STRAWBERRY FLOATING ISLAND

(Based on stirred custard, but proportions are altered slightly to allow one egg-white for poached meringues on top.)

Three eggs, 1 pint milk, 24 tablespoons sugar, vanilla, pinch grated lemon rind, 1 to 14 dozen strawberries, 2 extra tablespoons sugar for meringues.

Beat together two whole eggs and the yolk of the third egg, reserving the white for meringues. Add sugar and warmed milk. Stir over boiling water until custard coats a silver spoon. Pour into serving-bowl, fold in chopped prepared strawberries, reserving some whole ones to decorate. Chill thoroughly. Beat egg-white stiffly, gradually add extra



sugar, beat until sugar is dissolved. Drop a spoonful at a time into gently boiling water or milk in a shallow pan, cover with a large saucepan lid, and cook gently 5 minutes. Drain on egg slice, slide on to custard, arrange a strawberry on each meringue.

CARAMEL BAKED CUSTARD

(Based on baked custard, the caramel sauce topping gives a delightful flavor contrast.)

Two eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, vanilla, caramel sauce.

Beat eggs well, add milk, sugar and vanilla, and beat until well mixed. Pour into greased custard cups or individual-size ovenware dishes. Stand in baking-tin in warm water to a depth of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Bake in moderate oven until just set. Cool, drizzle freshly made caramel sauce over top of each.

Caramel Sauce: Cook $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar with 1 tablespoon water until deep honey color. Remove from heat, allow to stand until bubbles settle, drizzle over custard with a teaspoon.

CUSTARD TART

(Based on baked custard, but with an additional ingredient to make the custard smooth and velvety when cut. The extra ingredient, dry powdered milk, is the secret of success.)

Six ounces shortcrust or biscuit pastry, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 3 tablespoons dry powdered milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla, ground nutmeg.

Roll shortcrust pastry thinly and line 7 in. tart-plate. Pinch edges into a frill, or decorate as desired, but do not prick base of tart with a fork. If a little egg-white is available, brush sides and base with it and allow to dry before spooning custard into case. Beat eggs with milk, pow-

A DEEP WEDGE of perfect custard tart is a fine finish to any meal. Variations on the custard theme, also illustrated above, are caramel baked custard and luscious strawberry floating island.

dered milk, sugar, and vanilla. Milk may be warmed for easier mixing, but do not overheat. Spoon gently into uncoked pie-shell, using a tablespoon and making sure there are no breaks or bubbles in pastry. Dust top lightly with nutmeg. Place in hot oven for 10 minutes to cook and brown pastry, reduce heat to moderate, and continue cooking until custard is set. To test, insert clean, dry knife into custard near centre—knife should emerge free of mixture.

Variations: Spread base of pastry-case with strawberry or any other jam; brown 2 or 3 oz. blanched almonds in a little butter, sprinkle over pastry-case; add 1 tablespoon melted butter and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind to custard and add a few extra drops of vanilla; fold $\frac{1}{2}$ cup

desiccated coconut into custard mixture or sprinkle coarsely shredded coconut over the top when custard is almost set; flavor custard with coffee essence or chocolate or blended cocoa.

BAKED SAGO CUSTARD

(Any cooked cereal may be used in place of sago.)

Two ounces sago, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon butter, nutmeg.

Cook washed sago in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water until transparent. Cool slightly, gradually add eggs beaten with milk, sugar, and vanilla. Turn into greased pie-dish, sprinkle with nutmeg, dot with butter. Stand in dish of warm water, bake in moderate oven until set, about $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour.



Tired and listless...not really ill, but seldom fully well...this condition often means

"HIDDEN HUNGER" at work!

Doctors and Nutrition Experts agree that "Hidden Hunger" is far more common than most people realise. They say you can satisfy your hunger, by having three meals every day — and still not satisfy your body's needs. When we eat the wrong kind of foods, or not enough of the right kind, then we suffer from "Hidden Hunger"...our body is still hungry for certain essential food elements.



To make sure you get the essential nutrients your body needs every day, you should drink Horlicks. Made with milk, Horlicks guards against "Hidden Hunger."

Horlicks supplies balanced nutrition...made with milk, it guards against "HIDDEN HUNGER"



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nutritive extracts of wheat-flour and malted barley. Prepared with milk and enjoyed between meals and just before bed at night, Horlicks is a balanced food which supplies the essential nutritional elements your body needs every day to guard against "Hidden Hunger."



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OUR GARDENING SERVICE

READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 1088, G.P.O., Sydney.

- Any ONE of the following titles may be selected:
- How to Grow Good Chrysanthemums.
 - Springtime in the Rockeries.
 - Growing Vegetables for the Home.
 - How to Grow Good Carnations.

Name of leaflet (one only)

Stamped (3d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.

Ginger cake wins £5



LEMON FROSTING and toasted coconut are used to coat this moist, even-textured ginger cake. A topping of lemon or orange flavored butter icing could be substituted. See recipe on this page.

An economical ginger ring cake, with a smooth lemon-flavored frosting, wins the prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

THIS family-sized cake, which requires only one egg, may be cooked in a 9in. by 9in. lamington tin or an 8in. or 9in. round or square cake tin.

Red cabbage makes a pleasant change when prepared as suggested in the consolation prize-winning recipe.

All spoon measurements are level.

FROSTED GINGER RING CAKE

One-third cup butter or substitute, ¼ cup brown sugar, 1 egg, ¼ cup golden syrup, 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 4 teaspoons ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ cup milk.

Cream shortening and sugar. Add beaten egg and golden syrup. Fold in flour sifted with salt, baking powder, soda, ginger, and cinnamon, alternately with milk. Fill into greased 8in. ring tin. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Cool, cover with frosting.

Lemon Frosting: Soak 3 teaspoons gelatine in ½ cup hot water. Beat 1 egg-white with juice of ½ lemon until stiff and frothy. Gradually add dissolved gelatine, beating until mixture holds its shape. Fold in ¼ cups sifted icing sugar and spread quickly over cake. Decorate with toasted coconut.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. L. Metager, 509 Bourke St., Moore Park, N.S.W.

SAVORY RED CABBAGE

One small red cabbage, 1 onion, 3 small apples, 1 bay leaf, pinch thyme, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 3 cloves, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, salt, pepper, 2 cups water.

Wash cabbage, shred, remove thick inner stalk. Place in saucepan with water, fat, sliced onion, peeled, cored, and sliced apples, salt, pepper, bay leaf, thyme, cinnamon, and cloves. Simmer with lid on approximately 10 minutes, until tender. Stir in vinegar, sugar, and cornflour blended with a little extra vinegar. Remove bay leaf and cloves, simmer 3 to 4 minutes. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Combe, 125 Eglinton St., Kew, E4, Melbourne.

COCONUT JAM BUNS

Two cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup coconut, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, ¼ cup milk, raspberry jam.

Cream shortening and sugar, add egg, mix well. Fold in milk alternately with coconut and sifted flour and baking powder. Roll into balls a little smaller than a golf ball. Place on greased tray. Press a hole in centre of each and fill with jam. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. E. Quick, 63 David Rd., Hampton, Vic.

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Men can't realise—and it's hard to "explain" when dragging, exhausting muscular cramps mean broken appointments and time off. On those days every month try taking a couple of MYZONE tablets with water or a cup of tea. Thousands of women and girls are blessing this wonderful new pain-relief. For Myzone's special Actevin (anti-spasm) compound brings immediate—more complete and lasting—relief from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling than anything else you've ever known. Try Myzone with your very next "pain." All chemists.

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12/5, 1952

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 8, 1952

Cotton evening blouse

COTTON lace trims this knitted wrap-over blouse which can be worn on summer evenings. The all-in-one sleeves and diagonal neckline are flattering to most figures.

Materials: 6oz. Strutt's Milford knitting cotton, No. 8; card elastic thread to tone; 1 pair each of No. 14 and No. 13 Milward's knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit a 36in. bust.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1in. To obtain correct measurements it is essential that the tension corresponds with that quoted above. If your tension of knitting does not agree, try other sizes of needles until the right tension is produced.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st(s), stitch(es); st-st, stocking-stitch; inc., increase; dec., decrease; tog., together; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass the slipped stitch over; m, make (c.f. cotton forward before a k st. and c.r.n., cotton round needle before working a p-st.); rep., repeat; c.b., cotton back.

Notes: In all ribbing, thread the elastic through the backs of stitches every fourth or fifth row.

BACK

With No. 14 needles cast on 122 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3in. Change to No. 13 needles, work in st-st, inc. 1 st. both ends of the 7th and every following 6th row until there are 140 sts. Then work without further shaping until work measures 12in.

Shape for Sleeves: Cast on 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Continue without further shaping until the back measures 19in.

Shape Shoulders: To avoid a hole when turning, c.b., slip the next st, c.f., pass the slipped st. back to left-hand needle, then turn.

1st Row: K to the last 13 sts., turn.

2nd Row: P to the last 13 sts., turn.

Continue to work thus with 13 sts. less worked at each



ELASTIC THREAD prevents the ribbed basque stretching when washed. Thread the elastic through the backs of stitches in every fourth row, and make sure the ends are knotted together securely.

end of the rows until the row p to the last 52 sts. turn has been worked.

Next Row: K across all sts. to end of row.

Next Row: P across all sts. to end of row.

Cast off all sts. with a No. 10 needle loosely.

FRONT

Measure in the centre of the work and NOT at the side edges.

Work as given for the back until the ribbing has been completed. Change to No. 13 needles and shape for the crossover fronts.

Next Row: Right side facing, k 30, cast off 10 sts., k to end of row. Continue to work on the last set of sts., dec. 1 st. at the front edge every following 4th row, but at the same time inc. at the side edge every following 6th row until there are 9 ins. at

the side edge. Then, keeping the side edge straight, continue to dec. at the front edge as before until work measures 12in.

Shape for Sleeve: Cast on 4 sts. at the armhole edge on the next 2 alternate rows. Now keep the side edge straight but still dec. at the front edge until 58 sts. remain. Continue without further shaping until front measures 19in.

Shape Shoulders: Work 13 sts. less at the armhole edge on each of the next 4 alternate rows, then work across all sts. as given for the back. Cast off with a No. 10 needle loosely. Rejoin thread to the 30 sts. left for the other side, cast on 52 sts. for the underwrap, and work to match the other side, reversing the shapings.

Join the shoulder seams.

LACE INSERTION

With No. 14 needles cast on 10 sts., k one row.

1st Row (wrong side): P 1, p 2 tog., m 1, p 6, m 1, p 1.

2nd Row: P 2, m 1, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 2, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., m 1, k 2, p 1.

3rd Row: P 1, p 2 tog., m 1, p 3, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., m 1, p 3.

4th Row: P 4, m 1, (sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.) twice, m 1, k 2, p 1.

5th Row: P 1, p 2 tog., m 1, p 4, m 1, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 2.

6th Row: Cast off 2 sts., m 1, p 3, sl 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., m 1, k 2, p 1.

Repeat the last 6 rows for length required — it is not necessary to carry the insertion to the end of the underwrap, but taper off the sts. about 4in. below the neck opening. Make a length of lace for the ends of the sleeves.

TO MAKE UP

Press the work under a damp cloth with a hot iron. Sew the insertion to the front edges, slightly stretched round the back of the neck. Stitch the underwrap into position. Sew the insertion to the end of each sleeve. Join the side seams.

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to get the whitest whites



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Persil
Washes
Whitest!



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"GIVE IT A GO"
EVERY MONDAY NIGHT AT 8 P.M.

The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

CHILDREN must be taught to come to the table with clean hands.

Parents agree on this point but ask: "How do you get a youngster to wash his hands without a lot of fuss?"

We all know that it's not a good idea for young or old to be angry or resentful at meal-time.

There's no one method. But there are results of practical experience that may be worth mentioning.

If three-year-old Johnny is tired and irritable, it may be best to pick him up and comfort him before helping him to wash his hands. There are times when we shouldn't insist that he is big enough to do the job himself.

A little dramatic play isn't a bad thing. Reminding a somewhat older child that the doctor or nurse he knows always does a thorough job of scrubbing hands and providing a professional looking scrubbing brush may turn the trick.



"Handling handwashing."

At times, a calm "Unwashed hands don't come to the table" will work with some children. And, of course, if Dad or Mum goes along to the bathroom to take his or her turn in handwashing, the junior members of the family are more willing.

Whatever the method, it will be worthwhile to take a little extra time and thought to make handwashing bearable rather than to use the "big stick" method.



Collar is made with neckband and bone inserts . . . takes either ordinary tie or bow tie perfectly.

Note how construction of neckband is completely concealed when same shirt opens for sport.

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31" and 48".
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They dry so quickly, iron so easily, they can be back on your chairs and windows on the same day. In every type of pattern from the sweetest little bedroom rosebuds to brilliant sunroom colorings!

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Pattern for beginners

F2141. — Easy-to-make beginners' pattern for tailored shorts and sleeveless blouse. Sizes: Blouse, 35in. to 38in. bust; shorts, 26in. to 32in. waist. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material for blouse and 1½ yds. 36in. material for shorts. Special price, 2/-.

F2139. — Tailored pedal-pumpers and matching shirt. Sizes: Shirt, 32in. to 38in. bust; pedal-pumpers, 26in. to 32in. waist. Requires 4 yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.

F2140. — New-style shirt-trunk with contrast bodice trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. material and 1½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F2143. — Scooped necked one-piece with contrast trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material and 1½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address: Box 4068, G.P.O., Sydney), and from the city depot, Stoddart's Building, 1334 York St., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 98-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 985, G.P.O., Auckland.



F2140

F2138. — Small girl's frilly dress and matching panties. Sizes 2, 3, 4, and 5-6 years. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material for dress and 1½ yd. 36in. material for panties. Price, 2/6.

F2142. — Cool summer dress for a small girl, designed to match adult dress F2143. Sizes 18in., 20in., 23in., and 27in. lengths for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material and 1½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 2/6.

F2144. — Jacket-suit featuring a bare-shouldered dress and a matching short-cut, short-sleeved jacket. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

No. 320. — SUFFEE-CLOTH AND MATCHING SERVIETTES. The cloth and serviettes are obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider in a pretty flower design. The material is cream Irish linen. Cloth measures 36in. x 36in. and serviettes, 11in. x 11in. Price, 2/6. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra. Serviettes, 1/6 each. Postage, 3d. extra. The cloth is obtainable clearly traced with the same design on white Irish linen in size 64in. x 34in. Price, 42/11. Postage and registration, 1/10 extra. Serviettes, 1/6 each. Postage, 1d. extra.

No. 319. — DUCHESSE SET. Attractively designed set obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on cream and white Irish linen. The centre mat measures 18in. x 12in. and the smaller mats 8in. x 8in. Price, 8/11. Postage, 7d. extra.

No. 322. — SMALL GIRL'S DRESS. Cool summer style obtainable cut out ready to make in check gingham. The color choice includes blue and white, red and white, green and white. Sizes and prices: 18in. length for 2 years, 12/9; 19in. length for 3 years, 17/3; 20in. length for 4 years, 17/11; 23in. length for 5-6 years, 18/9. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra.

No. 321. — BOY'S SUN-SUIT AND MATCHING SQUAWESTER. The suit and hat are obtainable cut out ready to make, with motifs on the suit clearly traced ready to embroider. The material is British headcloth. The color choice includes blue, green, green, natural, and white. Sizes and prices: Sun-suit for 2 years, 12/6; squawester, 7/11. 3 years, 12/11; squawester, 8/6. 4 years, 13/8; squawester, 8/11. 5-6 years, 14/3; squawester, 9/8. Postage and registration: Suit, 1/4 extra; squawester, 11d. extra.



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For instance, when General Motors-Holden's established their plants in five States of the Commonwealth, they not only widened employment opportunities for skilled craftsmen in their own industry, but they opened up new fields of activity within the industries that supply General Motors-Holden's Ltd.

General Motors-Holden's shop all over Australia to procure the 30,000 different types of products they need. The supply lines are fed by industries engaged in the production of steel, wool, paper, plastics, rubber, cotton, aluminium, glass, timber, etc.

But the chain stretches even further. Today, the ten thousand employees at General Motors-Holden's are also closely linked with ten thousand people engaged in the distribution and servicing of GMH products in practically every city and town of the Commonwealth.

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Some of my patients

Dealing with a small invader

Never ignore a head injury

LINGERING in the garden last Saturday after an afternoon's backbending, I watched a ladybird travelling solo across a lily leaf. My thoughts about such creatures were interrupted by high signs from the kitchen window.

As I entered the house I remarked to my wife: "Beetles are not the menaces some people think."

"Tell that to Marion Caulfield," she replied.

I wondered what on earth our old friend Marion had to do with beetles, but my wife informed me:

"Marion's mad about beetles. In fact, she's in the surgery now with one in her ear."

I found Marion in great distress.

"For Heaven's sake, Greg," she said, "get this infernal creature out of my ear. It feels as though an Olympic team were running relays in my head."

"How did it get in?" I asked.

"I felt something on the lobe of my ear. I went to knock it off, felt what I'm sure is some sort of beetle, and then somehow or other pushed it into my ear instead of away. It seems foolish, but that's how it happened."

"I think we can deal with this invader," I said as I filled a dropper with chloroform. "Bend your head on to the table, wrong ear up."

When she did this, I put a few drops into the ear, saying:

"This, my dear Marion, has taken the shine off many a beetle, biter, and bobby-dazzler. How does it feel now?"

"Quiet as the grave," she replied. "What did you do, Greg?"

"I anaesthetised him," I said,

"and now I shall flood the little pest out."

I gently syringed her ear several times, and the little creature was removed.

I hardly heard Marion's thanks as I studied the now very silent offender. It was no less than a ladybird.

"As one gardener to another," I told Marion as she donned her hat and pre-beetle pose, "ladybirds are the gardener's friends. They're actually fierce to aphids."

"After my experience," said my friend, "I can almost feel sorry for the aphids."

It is dangerous to give home treatment for "things in the ear." Peroxide, for instance, would cause a wag to swell, bringing on serious complications.

I DON'T play golf often. My excuse is lack of time. My shamefaced reason is that I'm not much of a shot at it.

While I was talking to some true enthusiasts at the clubhouse yesterday, a breathless caddy burst into our conversation.

"Sorry, sir, but Terry Price got hit by a ball. He's unconscious."

A quick sprint brought me to the injured caddy, who was just coming to.

"What happened?" he asked.

"A ball hit you on the head, Terry. How do you feel?"

"I'm all right, I think," he said, "but my head's aching."

The boy got to his feet, and when we reached the clubhouse seemed well enough.

"If you feel sick later, Terry," I said, "let me know." I was at evening surgery when Mrs. Price rang.

"I don't know what's wrong with Terry," she said. "He's gone to sleep in the sitting-room and I can't wake him."

I thanked Heaven I had

been on the scene that day. What had happened at the golf course and his mother's story added up to something pretty serious.

"Terry must go to hospital at once, Mrs. Price," I told her. "I'll contact a specialist. I think the boy may need an operation immediately."

The surgeon confirmed the diagnosis. Terry Price had an extra dural haemorrhage. The blow on his head had ruptured a bloodvessel in a bone of his skull.

The haemorrhage was slow and it was not until hours later that signs of it were apparent, and that was when Terry lost consciousness.

The escaping blood was pressing on to his brain. If this pressure weren't relieved death would follow.

Within an hour Terry was operated on.

A portion of the bone of his skull was removed. Through the opening the surgeon then removed the blood clot and prevented further bleeding by plugging the broken artery with a special wax.

A person with a thin skull can suffer grave injury or even death as the result of a seemingly light blow on the head.

There is on record the case of a person whose turn it was to deal at a card game. A companion playfully hit him on the head with a pack of cards, reminding him: "Your turn to deal . . ."

The mysterious death some hours later of the man who was struck was traced to this innocent action. An examination revealed he had a thin skull.

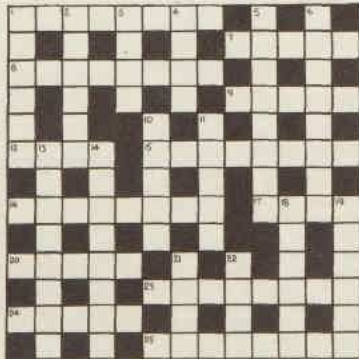
Terry Price's condition is very satisfactory. In fact, he asked me how my golf was when I saw him to-night.

All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living person. We regret that our doctor cannot answer inquiries.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Describes a job without duties and seemingly without remedy (4).
- Lower throat with adenoids ending (4).
- So plentiful of strings in their curricula (4).
- Such event caused a divine instrument in a surgery rhyme (4).
- Marley plant which looks so safe inside (4).
- I lost run in these trophies (4).
- Wine which is competent can be carried (4).
- Division of time mostly used for listening (4).
- He is French and though in age is active (4).
- Open-handed cockney here in class (4).
- Petrified holy one (4).
- Last slab (anagram) (4).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- The last of three that the poor fish swallowed (6).
- Cozy place the French settle down comfortably (6).
- Hundred are in anxiety (4).
- Supper for a pun (4).
- Shop dray out of which last made musical compositions (4).
- I urge all sangas (4).
- Wooden vessel in a dormitory contains remnants of pupils (4).
- Though for stronger and oil yet it is stuffed with an evergreen shrub (4).
- Lengthen the Spanish on means of entrance (4).
- Fruit-juice, 390000, from Greenwicket (4).
- Carve in relief a printer's measure up the master (4).
- Sits up you in flowers (4).
- She loved a quail swan (4).
- A great Greek hero's weak point (4).



Solution to last week's crossword.

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that's why I buy

MORLEY

Velnit Reg.

for the Family's underwear"



SOFT and luxurious knitted fabric, "Velnit" is extremely durable, unshrinkable, and easy to wash. These are the reasons women who shop for the family ask for Morley "Velnit" when they buy light underwear.

"Velnit's" a pleasure to wear—it makes a smooth, non-irritating contact with the skin and is always fresh and cool-feeling. That's why Morley "Velnit" is the choice of the man who shops for himself.

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Short sleeved singlet, round neck or button front, athletic styles. Elastic back, balloon seat shorts or briefs. In all sizes.

FOR WOMEN

Short sleeved shaped vest, V neck style or opera top. Ribbed or banded leg pants or briefs. All sizes. Attractive colours.

Also T-Shirts for men, women, and children.

BOYS

Round neck, short sleeved or athletic styles. Full elastic briefs.

GIRLS

Sleeveless vests, and pants or briefs.

For all the Family

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LUX
Gives a longer life to all the washables

So SAFE
You'll want to use it always!

For **COLOURS** that Bloom in the Spring
Lux care keeps cotton prints spring-time bright three times as long. Strong soaps and harsh washing methods like bar soap rubbing soon shorten their life. Gentle Lux care keeps them safe.



For **Nylons, UNDIES** a longer lease of life
A daily dip in creamy Lux suds means double the wear for stockings. Tests prove it! And safe Lux care whisks away damaging perspiration from delicate undies, keeps them fresh, dainty.

Penny Wise for DISHES
With Lux you can do all the dishes for as little as a penny a day. Gentle Lux keeps hands soft, smooth, even after the biggest wash-up.

A LITTLE LUX DOES SUCH A LOT

Exciting! NEW! British!

"Summerspun" PRINTS
Tastefully printed Spun Rayon, with a rich full handle, in captivating novelty designs

"Tintagel"
From the ever popular "King Arthur" range: lovely crease-resist printed Spun Rayon in modern novelty designs.

Joshua Hoyle
GUARANTEED PRODUCTIONS

AGENTS: F. G. Hyett & Co., 232 Flinders Lane, Melbourne
John A. Kenyon Pty. Ltd., 65 York St., Sydney.

Stars' "loot" from ads.

Gifts from firms more welcome than fees

Film stars whose incomes are already well into the higher brackets have found an easy way of adding to their salaries without losing more to the tax-gatherers.

VAN HEFLIN doesn't have to buy cigarettes; Ruth Roman gets all her swimsuits free; Loretta Young gets three pairs of nylons a week; and Rosalind Russell need not buy an orange for the next 20 years.

These are typical "extras" which stars don't show on their annual income tax returns.

A lifetime supply of cosmetics or cigarettes can be earned in a few seconds.

In Hollywood publicity and business circles this method of adding furniture to the home, clothes to the wardrobe, and money to the bank account is known as the "picture tie-in."

The star poses with a product for a picture to be used in an advertising campaign. The manufacturer, in addition to a cheque (which is usually small), presents the star with constant supplies of the article—anything from milk or oranges to electric stoves and cars.

Money paid for a picture endorsing a product varies between £40 and £700. The bigger the advertising campaign, the smaller the payment. The reason for this is that the manufacturer believes (and the star agrees) that the publicity the star gets from national newspaper, magazine, and billboard advertising is worth a considerable amount.

But even if the cash payment is low, the "loot," as

stars call these gifts, makes the deal profitable.

Ruth Roman allowed a swimsuit picture taken at a casual bathing party to be published, and received an order for a lifetime supply of swimsuits, plus £270.

Relatives of top screen personalities cash in on the picture tie-in, too. Mrs. Gary Cooper was given a lifetime supply of one brand of cosmetics for a single picture. So was Mrs. Ezio Pinza.

Rosalind Russell recently posed for a picture for the California Orange Growers' Association. Her larder was immediately filled with oranges, and she was promised it would be kept filled for 20 years.

Gary Cooper and Jack Benny received new luxury cars for a single picture each. And Cooper, photographed nibbling candy from a box, received £400 and the promise of a 5lb. box of candy each month for the rest of his life.

For allowing a hosiery manufacturer to use her picture on billboards advertising his products, Loretta Young got three pairs of his most expensive nylons each week.

Barbara Stanwyck seems to be particularly popular with beverage makers. A recent picture ensured that she will get free coffee for life.

Barbara already gets two cases of soft drink a week from another manufacturer, and has turned down offers to appear in advertisements for wines and beer because she thinks these would be poor publicity for her.

Movie cowboy Gene Autry, whose income from sources other than films is already impressive, made an astute bargain when he signed to allow his picture to be used to advertise car and truck tyres.

Autry refused money, since it would only add to his taxation, and suggested a lifetime supply of tyres and tubes (selling at about £10 each).

The company agreed, then found out that Autry had a station wagon, two large trucks, three cars, and a jeep. But the deal went through.

With just about everything he needs, Autry struck a problem when he posed with an electric oven. He has two stoves already, so he settled for a portable refrigerator which he will keep in his horse trailer to use when he's making trips.

Other stars who have done well in the picture tie-in business are:

• **Lynn Bari**—a crate of lobsters is specially flown 4000 miles to her from New Orleans each month.

• **Celeste Holm**—a lifetime supply of cosmetics and a £300 set of sterling table silver.



RUTH ROMAN (above) gets all her swimsuits free for life as part of a movie "tie-in" deal under which she allowed her picture to be used.

• **John Wayne**—a lifetime supply of beer, two brands of cigarettes, a television set, and 1000 cases of tinned tuna.

• **Dan Duryea**—all the champagne and beer he can drink (with plenty left over for parties).

Occasionally there are hitches which interrupt the flow of payments in kind.

Not so long ago when Arlene Dahl was a contract player, the

lovely actress was eager to pose for a cigarette advertisement for which she was to be given a valuable radio-television set.

The studio she was working for refused to let her do so because of a policy which forbids contract players to pose for cigarette, shampoo, and liquor advertisements.

One thing is certain, though. Stars DO use the products they sponsor. All other considerations aside, it pays them to.

★ As I read the stars ★

By EVE HILLIARD ★

ARIES (March 21-April 20): October 9 could land you right in the soup. Delays, interruptions, unexpected snags may spring up in your path. October 12 gives you the chance to catch your breath.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): If you're looking for a job, October 10 may have news for you. Great care should be exercised on October 9 not to go to extremes in regard to money or energy.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Those in love get a thrill on October 9. Older Gemini folk may indulge in a tidy bit of speculation on October 9, but October 11 may let you down badly.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Hopes may ride high. Any business deal concerning the family is well expected. October 10 may involve you in unlooked-for expense or a disappointment.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Curiosity may be satisfied through a little jaunt on October 8 or 13. Do not sign on the dotted line or conclude any agreements on October 10.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): A hint or a whisper on October 7 might produce developments on October 9, but watch your interests carefully. Take no chances in love or money on October 11.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Favors, compliments, bouquets could make October 10 satisfying in personal pride or practical ambitions. It will be easy to put your foot in it on October 11.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Many a Scorpio subject could get a new line on a situation on October 8. October 13 may be upsetting—take it in your stride.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): It could be fun to be a good fellow on October 8 or 10, but you may be faced with a pretty stiff bill on October 13 you might find friendship not worth it.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Requests made on October 10 may be knocked back in a humiliating way. If seeking a new job or a social prize, hold your fire until October 13.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Quite a number of you may experience a real shake-up on October 10 which could alter your whole course of action. Think it over.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Hard luck, not in recently, may bring a reward on October 8. Don't worry if plans collapse on October 11.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]



LORETTA YOUNG collects three pairs of expensive nylons each week for allowing a hosiery manufacturer to use her picture for advertising purposes.

GRACE BROS

3 STORES

- BROADWAY
- BONDI
- PARRAMATTA

offer

October

PRICE GIFTS

TO SHOPPERS

Be sure to get your share

POSTAGE.
1/3d. each garment throughout
the Commonwealth on Cash
Transactions only. C.O.D. Extra.

ME3WW/10



£6'15
TO XXOS



85'
TO XXOS

ME4WW/10

ME1WW/10



69'
SSW. to W.

ME2WW/10



Petticoat
Frocks

PETTICOAT FROCKS are really news! These two in crisp Waffle Pique that launders perfectly, are outstanding in style, cut, and value. Both have lovely full-circle skirts, and are available in sizes SSW, SW, and W, in new season's enchanting pastel shades of Lemon, Green, Blue, Pink, Lilac, and White.

ME1WW/10.—Features newest plunging neckline, buttoned bodice, and matching button adornment on shoulders.

ME2WW/10.—Is styled with a becoming 2-way neckline and is stitched on collar and shoulder cuffs.

Both styles at one price 69/11 each

HH100WW/10.—Frothy Petticoats to enhance these frocks come in dainty Organdi—Pink, White, or Blue at 47/6 each; In frilled, embroidered white Cotton at 52/9 each; In frilled, stiffened Muslin, in White at 24/6 each; In stiffened Muslin with lined hem at 25/6 each.

ME3WW/10.—Superlative value in this British Crepe **JACKET FROCK**. Ideal for more formal occasions, and may be worn with or without the jacket, which also lends itself for wear with other garments, and is a real asset to your wardrobe. Colors: Black, Navy, and Blue. Sizes: W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS. Price 16/15/-.

ME4WW/10.—Another triumph in the famous "Super Kool" creations is this smart **FROCK** of Sago Spotted cut-presser Jersey. Made in the new button-through or the popular button-to-waist style, it features a soft yoke at back and front of bodice, "Super Kool" launders perfectly. Sizes: W, XW, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS. Colors: Burgundy, Navy, Grey, or Green. Price, 85/-

ME5WW/10.—Fine quality Paisley-striped Haircord is used to style this smart little **FROCK** on slenderising lines, with reverse stripes used to highlight the collar, yoke, and pocket trim. Sizes: W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS. Shades of Rose, Grey, Blue, and Fawn predominate Price, 49/11

ME5WW/10



49'
TO XXXOS

GRACE BROS. PTY. LTD.
BROADWAY, SYDNEY — PHONE M6506
P.O. BOX No. 42 BROADWAY

**MAIL
ORDERS
SUPPLIED**

How to relieve HEARTBURN during PREGNANCY



Mothers-to-be need not suffer indigestion, a common complaint during pregnancy. A couple of QUICK-EZE tablets bring relief in seconds because the QUICK-EZE prescription, approved by the British Pharmacopoeia Codex, neutralises excess acidity and restores the digestive balance. Always keep QUICK-EZE handy.



1 DISCOURAGED musicians Al (Red Skelton), left, Jerry (Gower Champion), and Tony (Howard Keel) tell Tony's girl, Bubbles (Ann Miller), they are off to Paris. Al owns share in fashion house "Roberta."



2 INTRODUCING themselves, Al and Tony meet almost bankrupt co-owners Stephanie (Kathryn Grayson) and her sister Clarissa (Marge Champion). When they meet, Jerry and Clarissa are attracted.

LOVELY TO LOOK AT

MUSIC and romance are set against the glamor of the Paris fashion world in M.G.M.'s technicolor musical "Lovely to Look At."

The picture is based on the musical comedy success "Roberta," by Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach. The score includes well-known melodies "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "The Touch of Your Hand," "I Won't Dance," and the title tune.

It's the story of a group of ambitious young people who pool their talents to bring the fading Parisian dress house of "Roberta" back to past glory.



3 CREDITORS threaten, but Tony, Jerry, and Al convince them that "Roberta" can be saved with more capital and a musical fashion show.

4 ARRIVAL of Bubbles interrupts Stephanie's romance with Tony, but with some fast talk Tony persuades Stephanie to show him sights of Paris.



5 NIGHTCLUBBING, the three couples meet Zsa Zsa (Zsa Zsa Gabor), at table, a model. Her escort, "Mox" (Kurt Kasnar), is Max Fogelsby, an American theatrical producer who is looking for a show.



6 SHOCKED when Tony announces he is accompanying Max back to produce a show on Broadway, Al, Jerry, and Bubbles decide to stay and see "Roberta" through opening show in a few weeks' time.



15 hairsets for 3/11

QUICKSET WITH CURLPET
Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.
Get a tube of concentrated Curlpet—squeeze Curlpet into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used.
Get concentrated Curlpet for 3/11 from your chemist or agent.
QUICKSET WITH CURLPET
CN 4

Headache
relieved
FAST
with
BAYER'S
ASPIRIN
Tablets

24 FOR 1'6-100 FOR 4'9



FOR
BRUISES
CUTS
BLISTERS
SPRAINS
ABRASIONS

**Just reel it off
the handy spool—**
as much or as little as you need! For economy in use, and comfort in wear, choose Elastoplast, the elastic adhesive plaster that makes bulky bandages unnecessary. Elastoplast is both firm and flexible, and stretches with the movement of your skin. Also, as it is flesh-coloured it is inconspicuous, and stays clean and neat.

Elastoplast

E-L-A-S-T-I-C ADHESIVE PLASTER

First Aid Dressings, in RED tins, also available

SMITH & NEPHEW (AUST.) PTY. LTD., SYDNEY, N.S.W.



7 PLANE TRIP seems long to Tony, who cannot forget Stephanie. In New York Max tears up their contract and both fly back to Paris. Tony rehearses for show. Zsa Zsa is delighted to have "Mox" back again.



8 LAVISH staging of musical numbers makes fashion show huge success. Stephanie and Tony declare their love. Re-established as leading fashion house, "Roberta" pays dividends to owners and creditors.

**GIVE YOUR SOUPS,
STEWES and GRAVIES**

**A FLAVOUR
LIFT!**



**A richer, "meatier"
flavour in your cooking.**

Make your soups, stews and gravies even more delicious—add a spoonful of Bonox and see the wonderful flavour lift it gives. Bonox provides you with all the concentrated goodness of rich, prime beef—plus peptones to pep up appetites. Men love that meaty Bonox flavour—use it in sandwiches as well as your cooking. And remember, a cup of hot, rich Bonox

gives you the strength to carry on. Bonox in 2, 4, 8 and 16 oz. bottles and specially low-priced 28 oz. size.

**ALL THE JUICY
GOODNESS OF RICH
PRIME BEEF**



BONOX
for a flavour lift!

Made by Kraft

K870

Did you
PROTEX
yourself
this morning?



I did: PROTEX
is my
favourite deodorant
complexion soap —



I did: PROTEX
gives me lots of lather
and a bushland tang



I did: Mummy
said I should!

Protex is the family favourite
because it's a fresh, clean
deodorant complexion soap,
medicated to guard against
infection, yet gentle enough for
a baby's delicate skin.



REGULAR
AND BATH SIZE

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ High Noon

PRODUCER Stanley Kramer has hit the jackpot with his period Western drama "High Noon" (United Artists).

His picture has suspense, mounting tension, a cast of actors who behave like real people, and authentic atmosphere of the old West.

There is also an excellent musical score written by Dimitri Tiomkin.

Both the screenplay and a folklike ballad that threads through film action tell about a brave marshal who, at high noon, "did what he had to do," and went out alone to face death.

Unorthodox treatment of the conventional issues of

personal integrity and the triumph of good law and order over the evil of lawlessness gives "High Noon" special impact.

The entire conflict behind "High Noon" takes place one morning in the parched township of Hadleyville as the film audience watches the hands of a clock move on from 10.40 to 12 noon.

Gary Cooper gives genuine, sober emotion to the role of ageing Marshal Will Kane, the dedicated peace officer who is threatened with impending violence.

There are scene-stealers in minor roles filled by Thomas Mitchell, Lloyd Bridges, Otto Kruger, and statuesque Mexican actress Katy Jurado.

In Sydney—Plaza.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL—★ "Hurricane Island," cine-color adventure, starring Jon Hall, Marie Winsor. (Re-release.) Plus "Apache Country," Western, starring Gene Autry, Carolina Cotton.

EMBASSY—★ "The Clouded Yellow," British thriller, starring Jean Simmons, Trevor Howard, Sonia Dresdel. Plus ★★ "The Magnet," comedy, starring Stephen Murray, Kay Walsh.

ESQUIRE—★★★ "Cry, the Beloved Country," drama, starring Canada Lee, Charles Carson, Joyce Carey. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY—★★★ "Scaramouche," technicolor period romance, starring Stewart Granger, Eleanor Parker, Mel Ferrer, Janet Leigh. Plus featurettes.

LYRIC—★★★ "City Lights," comedy, starring Charlie Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill. Plus "Iroquois Trail," Western, starring George Montgomery, Ellen Drew. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR—★ "Golden Girl," technicolor musical comedy, starring Mitzi Gaynor, Dale Robertson, James Barton. Plus featurettes.

PALACE—★ "I Was a Communist for the F.B.I.," spy drama, starring Frank Lovejoy, Dorothy Hart. Plus "That Way With Women," gangster drama, starring Dane Clark, Martha Vickers. (Re-release.)

PLAZA—★★★ "High Noon," Western, starring Gary Cooper, Lloyd Bridges, Katy Jurado. (See review this page.) Plus "One Big Affair," comedy, starring Dennis O'Keefe, Evelyn Keyes.

PRINCE EDWARD—★ "Marshmallow Moon," technicolor musical comedy, starring Dinah Shore, Alan Young, Robert Merrill. Plus ★★ "Anything Can Happen," comedy, starring Jose Ferrer, Kim Hunter.

REGENT—★ "Five Fingers," spy drama, starring James Mason, Danielle Darrieux, Michael Rennie. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

SAVOY—★★★ "La Ronde," sophisticated French comedy, starring Danielle Darrieux, Anton Walbrook. Plus featurettes.

STATE—★★★ "Bend of the River," technicolor Western, starring James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy, Julia Adams. Plus "Here Come the Nelsons," comedy, starring the Nelson family.

ST. JAMES—★★★ "Scaramouche," technicolor period romance, starring Stewart Granger, Eleanor Parker, Mel Ferrer, Janet Leigh. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY—★ "Traffic in Souls," French melodrama with English sub-titles, starring Jules Berry, Jean Pierre Aumont, Kate de Nagy. Plus ★ "Delightfully Dangerous," musical comedy, starring Jane Powell. (Both re-releases.)

Films not yet reviewed

CENTURY—★ "I'll Never Forget You," technicolor fantasy, starring Tyrone Power, Ann Blyth, Michael Rennie. Plus "Mickey," musical comedy, starring Lois Butler, Bill Goodwin.

CIVIC—★ "New Mexico," Ansco-color Western, starring Lew Ayres, Marilyn Maxwell. Plus "The Guilty," thriller, starring Bonita Granville, Don Castle. (Re-release.)

LYCEUM—★ "Highly Dangerous," British thriller, starring Margaret Lockwood, Dane Clark, Marius Goring. Plus "Traveller's Joy," comedy, starring Googie Withers, John McCallum, Yolande Donlan.

PARK—★ "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," Western, starring Anne Baxter, Dale Robertson. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY—★ "Steel Town," technicolor drama, starring Ann Sheridan, John Lund, Howard Duff. Plus "Red Ball Express," wartime drama, starring Jeff Chandler, Alex Nicol, Judith Braun.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent

★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

★★ Five Fingers

JAMES MASON has his best American screen break to date in "Five Fingers" in which he plays the role of slick international spy Ulysses Diello operating in neutral Turkey during World War II.

Mason retains his positive edge in the cat-and-mouse game of espionage right up to the ironic finale.

The Fox film is loosely based on the L. C. Moysich book "Operation Cicero," and an introductory announcement tells us that events shown had their origin in actual happenings.

What unwinds on the screen looks like established cloak-and-dagger material put across with punch and occasional comic-opera touches.

Producer-writer-director Joseph L. Mankiewicz, whose "All About Eve" was a movie success of 1951, directed "Five Fingers"; from a slow start film action works up to brisk surprise, and authentic Turkish backgrounds provide some of the picture's most fascinating scenes.

Diello is an impartial Albanian who has no objection to the British and holds no brief for the Germans. He is simply interested in money and the luxury that it represents.

The spy strikes a hard bargain with the German High Command and sells to them British top-level war data to which he gains access while employed as trusted valet to the British Ambassador to Turkey in 1944.

As represented in "Five Fingers" the British are not very bright about the leakage of their top secrets.

Ranged with or against Mr. Mason's Diello are Danielle Darrieux, an aristocratic gold-digger, Walter Hampden as the puzzled British Ambassador, and John Wengraf as the Nazi Ambassador, astute von Papen. Michael Rennie is satisfactory as the British Secret Service agent.

In Sydney—Regent.

News from studios

HOLLYWOOD'S ace clown Danny Kaye claims that he heard a radio programme called "Stop the Money," in which they were giving away music.

JAMES MASON'S actress-wife, Pamela Kel-lins, has completed her fourth novel and titled it "House in Hollywood."

THE husband-wife explorer team, Dana and Ginger Lamb, returned to Hollywood from a five months' trek into the Rain Forest of the Mexican jungles near Chiapas. They brought with them 4000 feet of kodachrome film, added scenes for the documentary film they are preparing, "Quest for the Lost City."

HEAP MORE, MUM!



NEW HONEY-SWEET FLAVOUR excites whole family tribe! Kellogg's Bran Flakes are a honey-sweet blend of the best part of SWEET wheat popped up with tasty, toasty bran. This luscious breakfast is a "2-in-1" winner. You get these TWO great cereals combined in one breakfast cereal — for the price of one!



GENTLE LAXATIVE FOR ALL THE FAMILY! To the wheat, which gives food value and energy, we've added just enough bran to provide gentle laxative action for every member of the family—from Big Chief Johnnie in this picture, right up to you and Daddy, too. Ask your grocer for the NEW Kellogg's Bran Flakes today.

I combine TWO great
cereal foods — FOR THE
PRICE OF ONE!



Kellogg's
BRAN FLAKES
The
"2 IN 1"
Breakfast Cereal



"OLD KING COLE"

was a monarch most droll,

And his frolics were fast and free;

The goal of his soul was a flowing bowl,

Which he'd share with his fiddlers three.

A gallon of punch with his dinner or lunch

Was the only draught he'd endure;

But if sore throat should hap, the cunning old chap

Took

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

CORNBREAD ARISTOCRAT

Clayd Garner

The story of an ambitious young man's rise from obscurity to prominence, wealth, and power.

18/9

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With 9 New varieties included . . .



New!
NOUGAT DESSERT
Delicious French nougat with crisp blanched almonds. Coated with smooth "Old Gold" Chocolate.



New!
NUT CHOCOLATE
A flavoursome combination of "Old Gold" Chocolate and crisp, sweet nuts.



New!
STRAWBERRY CUP
The smoothest chocolate of all — "Old Gold" — with a piquant strawberry-flavoured cream centre.



"Old Gold" is . . .



New!
PINEAPPLE FONDANT
A novel, pineapple-shaped chocolate shell, filled with luscious, real pineapple in cream.



New!
SCORCHED ALMONDS
Big, specially selected almonds, set in rich "Old Gold" Chocolate.



New!
VANILLA CREAM
"Old Gold" Chocolate and mellow vanilla-flavoured cream.

. . . a finer gift than ever!



New!
CHERRY-IN-CREAM
Big, ripe cherries and marachino-flavoured cream, encased in rich "Old Gold" Chocolate.



New!
CREAM CARAMEL
Fresh, buttery caramel, rich in milk and glucose, with a coating of smooth "Old Gold" Chocolate.



New!
NUTTY BUTTERSCOTCH
Crunchy butterscotch, almonds and peanuts, all coated with "Old Gold" Chocolate.

These 9 new varieties, plus 8 old favourites, give you 17 different centres among the 24 chocolates in every 1/2 lb. box. 2 inviting layers, gaily highlighted with exclusive foil wrappings. Available in 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. boxes throughout Australia.



Say it with "Old Gold!"

Made by **MacRobertson**

The Great Name in Confectionery

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, servant, and **PRINCESS NARDA:** Are on their way back to the "Argos" along Peril Road. After successfully passing a ferocious hermit with a shotgun, a cave swarming with vampire bats,

twin giants armed with war clubs, a broken bridge, quicksand, and the "great game," they have reached the last stage of their journey. Peril Road becomes a hot, dry desert, and the trio can find no relief from the heat. **NOW READ ON:**



THE NEXT DAY--THEY TRUDGE ON--UNDER THE MERCILESS SUN



SEAL IT WITH
Sellotape
—AND IT //

STAYS SEALED



Ask for
Sellotape
the
**CLEARER
STRONGER
SELF-ADHESIVE
CELLULOSE
TAPE**

with thousands of home
and office users. Seals
without water.

Sellotape

Distributed by
WRIGHTCEL PTY. LTD.
\$51.4



Make friends
with the Sun

He agrees, in fact, regarding the very well-known MYAL KWIR TAM. Apple RWB TAM (also of the C2 feature, containing all pull-out in all, some system to reveal the more complex conditions) KWIR TAM appears to be a more common word, but it is the beautiful hearing eye of the man.



NYAL
KWIK TAN

PERRY MASON

● Famous lawyer Perry Mason is consulted by scientist Dr. Early regarding the formation of a company to manufacture his latest invention. Roy Adger, manager of Dr. Early's company, Xperiments Inc., plans to steal blueprints of the invention, framing staff member Sally Dale for the theft. Sally, flattered by Adger's attentions, asks him to dinner at her flat. There is a knock at the door.



TEENA ^{BY} Linda Terry



Steaming HOT SHOWERS AND BATHS

FOR ONLY A FEW PENCE PER WEEK

MALLEYS KEROSENE SHOWER HEATER

£10-15.00
Sedans, 1980-1981
Just a few drops of ke...

Just a few drops of kerosene – and presto! A steaming hot shower to start the day right. It's economical to use, quick as a wink and absolutely safe. No pumping is required.

SO EASY

ON WASHDAYS!

**MALLEYS
KEROSENE COPPER**

£29/10/0

Slightly more
is usually needed.

NO MORE FUEL
WORRIES...
COPPER FULL
BOILS IN
45 MINUTES

NO PUMPING.
EASY TO START.
NO INSTALLATION
COSTS

GAS AND ELECTRIC MODELS—Gas from E12, 11.0

FROM GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

MALLEYS

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LEVESON ST., NTH. MELB. FJ 1161

AMELAIDE ST., BRISBANE, QA 1671

Arnott's



LITTLE BUSH SCHOOL

famous
Milk Arrowroot Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality